THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Capital $50.000
Surplus and Profits $40.000
A GOOD STRONG BANK

DAILY INDEPENDENT

GRAND HOTEL
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN
E W EDGERTON, Prop.,
MONESSEN, PA.

VOL. 5. NO. 152 MONESSEN, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26 1906. SIX CENTS THE WEEK

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Safe Deposit Vaults

Fire, Water, Burglars

or any other elements of chance have no chance at your valuables when placed in our vaults.

A small yearly rental and your papers, jewelry, cash, silverwear or other valuables are protected. Come in whenever you wish—absolute privacy, security and courtesy.

It is not foolish, but extravagant to risk valuables around the house when you can rent your own vault so reasonably.

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Capital and Surplus, $180,000.

IF you contemplate having a Winter Suit or Overcoat made, guard yourself against ill-fitting, poor wearing clothes by having FISCHER make it

An abundance of the season's latest materials and patterns to select from. If Fischer makes your clothes you dress well.

FISCHER, Tailor to Ladies and Gentlemen.
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LET
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BE YOUR BAKER

it saves you worry and trouble, and gives you satisfaction.

—:o:—

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RUGAE
PATENT SUCTION PLATES.

Painless Extraction
Examination
Cleaning } FREE

Gold filling from 75 cents up
Silver filling 50 cents. Cement filling 50 cents
Gold crowns from $3 to $5.
Bridge work from $3 to $5
Remember, if you need bridge work we are experts in this line.
All our work guaranteed. Don't forget the name and place.

Dr. Geo. T. Cornelius, DENTIST, 477 Donner Ave.

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A WORD TO
Christmas Shoppers

We have many useful articles which will make very nice gifts. Following is a few we suggest:

Rifles, sleds, wagons, ice and roller skates for boys and girls.

Pocket knives and razors for father or brother.

A pair of shears, ice or roller skates for sister.

Carving sets, silver spoons, knives and forks for mother or wife and dozens of other useful articles,

H. J. BEARER & CO
THE LEADING HARDWARE MERCHANTS
451 DONNER AVE., MONESSEN, PA

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AT
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Christmas Shoppers

We have many useful articles which will make very nice gifts. Following is a few we suggest:

Rifles, sleds, wagons, ice and roller skates for boys and girls.

Pocket knives and razors for father or brother.

A pair of shears, ice or roller skates for sister.

Carving sets, silver spoons, knives and forks for mother or wife and dozens of other useful articles,

H. J. BEARER & CO
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ABBOT BONIFACE.

Wrinkled, ascetic and grim,
With little of fault or whim,
And little of sunny and human mold
Where the seeds of liking might find a hold—
Such was Father Boniface,
The abbot of rich old Allonby Chase,
And nigh fourscore years old.

From a life spent in the thick
Of feud with the heretic,
Or in ruling with strong hand small and great
Inside or in sight of the abbey gate,
He came at last to die,
And, meek enough now, in chapel must lie
In pomp he used to hate.

In heaven they gave him a guide,
Who, shining there at his side,
Said, "Now to the great ones first shall we seek,
Here are fathers Syrian, Spanish, Greek,
And fathers, of course, of Rome;
And some from the uttermost kingdoms come,
And strange, unchurchly clique."

The peace on the abbot's face
At this was lessened a space,
But he said no word, and the angel tall
Led on till they came to a garden wall—
The towers of the place were seven,
And it lay on the sunset side of heaven
Where twilight glories fall.

'Twas a fair place and a wide,
And garnished on every side
With riot of bloom, and the birds and the bees
Kept tune to the ripple of streams at ease.
And many a gurgling shout
From the dimpled crew on the grass rang out
High on the listening breeze.

And hard by the open gate
The abbot cried aloud, "Wait,
I pray thee, O angel, and quickly tell
What bright ones are these?" And he said,
"Here dwell
The souls of the children small
Who died in the wreck of their fathers' fall,
Too young to know they fell.

"Yon lad at play by the brook
Was Korah's son; when they took
White Ashkelon's towers, and the people slew,
Like doves, all the little souls this way flew;
The child of the Canaanite
Has a welcome here in the high God's sight
As warm as has the Jew."

"Sayest thou? They are orphans, then,"
Said Boniface; and again,
"May an old man enter, and childless, too?"
And then at the answer eagerly drew
Anigh an Amalekite maid
Of three, who alone by a rose-tree played.
She let the leaves slip through

Her fingers, watching his face,
Then laughing, with baby grace
She held out her arms. And the guide went on
To the great, if great ones he sought, alone;
But Boniface in the thick
Of the heathen seed and the heretic
Found heaven and heart's ease won.
—William Hervey Woods.

The Twins.

If the twins had been within sound of the telephone bell probably they would have guessed the truth. The telephone was a new and unalloyed wonder, and the twins signified their appreciation of it by responding to its every summons and following minutely the audible half of its mystic conversation.

However, at the crucial moment Jack was engaged at a distance in impersonating an automobile at full speed, and Phyllis, whose imagination in these co-operative diversions were never required to take such stately flights, had accepted the role of banana vendor, shortly to be bumped, bowled over and completely extinguished by this counterfeit tyrant of the thoroughfares. A real banana vendor had met with a catastrophe of this sort in their sight the day before. Two moments after the conversation by telephone, which they did not hear, had ceased, they were summoned to the house.

"Why must we dress up?" demanded Jack, when he began to realize what was to happen. He felt keenly the encroachment upon the informality of his Saturday afternoon attire.

"Mother doesn't like to have her babies look so ragged," replied the parent, strategically.

"Why don't you want us to be ragged?" insisted Jack. "You didn't care last Saturday. Father said he never saw my face so dirty," he continued, piling up evidence.

"But it really isn't nice to look like frights. After this you will be dressed every Saturday afternoon, just as you are on school days and Sundays."

Phyllis had been wrestling with conclusions. "Is some one coming?" she asked. "May I stay to dinner?"

"No, darling." And no court of veracity could have decided which question it was the mother answered.

Phyllis, however, watched the appearance of her second best dress and experience was more convincing than parental negatives. "I think some one is coming, Jack," she said, calmly. "I think that's why we are dressing up."

"Is it Uncle Harry?" inquired Jack, eagerly. "He promised to bring me some marbles."

The strategic parent retreated behind the usual defenses. She assumed her prerogative of authority, unquestionable source of decisions and commands.

"Mother said," she repeated firmly, "that she does not like to see you looking so ragged. That is the only reason you are dressing up." It sounded masterful. It was really a humiliating capitulation.

"Will you hate to see us look this way next Saturday, too?" asked Jack.

"Every Saturday," repeated the parent firmly.

Jack wore the expression of a philosopher who resigns himself to the inevitable. Phyllis, however, had no regrets. She possessed the feminine adaptability to fuss and feathers.

"There," sighed the strategic parent, as the twins creaked out of sight around the bend in the front stairway. "Now they won't tell Harriet Van Allen the minute she arrives that I was expecting her, and they won't carefully explain that that is the reason they have on their white frocks and best shoes. I am glad they weren't near the 'phone when she called me up."

Mrs. Van Allen was one of those disturbing visitors who never found virtue in uncouth and uncombed juvenility. The small Van Allens were always spick and span and less vigorous mothers than theirs succeeded in emulating this condition, so far as their offspring were concerned only when it was known beforehand that Mrs. Van Allen was coming.

Mrs. Van Allen arrived. The twins were introduced. Conversation followed. Unluckily, at that moment the strategic parent was called to the telephone. Unluckily, also, the twins found that instrument less attractive than the visitor.

"That is a very handsome gown you have on," began Mrs. Van Allen, by way of making herself agreeable.

Phyllis demonstrated the golden quality of silence.

"It is her best one," explained Jack. "These are my best shoes, too."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Van Allen. "It must be lovely to have on one's best shoes."

"Only," qualified Jack, "a boy likes bare feet better."

"We're never going to have bare feet any more," remarked Phyllis at this juncture, steadfastly addressing her brother in spite of the fact that he was already possessed of the information. "We're always going to be dressed up Saturday afternoons."

"It's because mother doesn't like to see us so ragged," explained Jack, politely. "She didn't mind until today, but after this she's going to."

"We thought," said Phyllis, in a sudden burst of confidence that included the whole world, "we thought at first it was because some one was coming." Then she was immediately covered with confusion when she noted that the visitor was listening to her attentively.

It was at this point that the strategic parent hurried back into the room.

"Well, babies," said she, with the benign smile of ignorance, "how are you entertaining Mrs. Van Allen?"

"Because," finished Jack, sticking to the former subject of conversation with painful tenacity, "mother used to dress us up on Saturday only when somebody was coming."

Having thus creditably acquitted himself of all conversational responsibility he beamed cheerfully upon his mother.—Chicago News.

Overcoat of Navy Blankets.

Lieut. W. R. Henderson, who arrived last evening from the Orient on the transport Thomas, brought an overcoat made out of two British navy blankets. Henderson is "more than common tall," and would be noticeable without the cream colored sack that he is taking to his home in the East to keep him warm when skating time comes.

The coat is quite a startling affair, much affected by British navy officers, but seldom seen in this part of the world. If you see a tall, handsome young fellow, wearing a loose fitting garment that suggests memories of the exodus from the Occidental Hotel on the morning of April 18, know by this that he is not a belated refugee, but a gallant navy officer.—San Francisco Call.

A Slight Hitch.

Stranger—"Sir, do you remember giving a poor, friendless tramp fifty cents one cold night last winter?"

Jones—"I do!"

"Sir, I am that tramp; that fifty cents was the turning point in my career; with it I got a shave, a shine, a meal, and a job. I saved my money, went to Alaska, made a million dollars, and last week I came back to New York to share my millions with you. But, unfortunately, I struck Wall Street before I struck you—and—have you another fifty cents that you could conveniently spare, sir?"—Life.

A Sectarian Contributor.

An absent-minded woman walked into the church, took a front seat and joined in the service vigorously. Then the collection basket was passed to her, and, putting a coin into it, she looked about. She cast glances in every direction, her mind cleared, and an expression of amazement overspread her face. She got up. She hurried down the aisle. She overtook the man with the collection basket. "I'm in the wrong church," she whispered, and, taking out the coin she had put in, she hurried forth.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Reason For It.

"Here's a story," said Mrs. Nagget, looking up from her paper, "of a man who begged the judge to send him to jail in place of his wife——"

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Nagget, "and yet you say we men never sacrifice ourselves for——"

"Wait a minute. This woman stole some clothes she was given to wash. You see, she couldn't take in washing while she was in jail, and so he would have had to work."—Philadelphia Press.

Australia exports 24,000,000 rabbit skins a year. To kill this great number costs about $225,000.

Peculiar Burial Customs.

EACH RACE HAS ITS OWN RITES AND CEREMONIES

There Are 463 Methods of Interment---People That Rejoice When the End Comes---Shohoes Beggars Even in Death---King's Body in Silver Canoe.

There are 463 different ways in which the people of the world bury their dead. Scarcely any two tribes of people in all the world dispose of those who pass away in the same manner. A man can take his choice of the great number of ceremonies.

S. Lewis Tillotson, a Baltimore undertaker, has made a study of the burial customs of the world with a view of improving, if possible, the means of disposing of bodies used in most civilized countries and to discover behind the ceremonials and the rites of burial and the methods of disposing of the bodies the odd beliefs of the people.

His discoveries and investigations have shown many strange things, but as yet he has made no recommendations looking toward improvement of present systems.

One thing he has found, says the Chicago Tribune, is that every tribe of people in the world except two—the Veddas of India and the Bantus of Africa—shows some mark of reverence to the dead—even those who eat them—and that every one except those same two shows from its treatment of the dead some belief in a future existence.

About three-fourths of the people of the world are sorry, or pretend they are sorry, when a death happens among their friends or relatives, and the other fourth are glad. About four-fifths object to death and the other fifth welcome it.

"Among the Karens of Burma there is a close relation between the burial and the wedding ceremonies, and a death is made the occasion of a wholesale courting," said Mr. Tillotson. "The body is placed on a bamboo platform outside the hut and all the young men and girls gather there, singing and laughing. The men seat themselves on one side of the body and the girls on the other and there, as if made happy by the presence of death, they carry on their courtships—and the men select their wives. The Kirghiz-Kazaks are strong in their remembrance of the dead—and here may be food for religious thought for Bible students in their customs. After death the body is hastily buried, arrayed in white clothes, and every day for forty days after the death the mourners visit the tomb. The forty days period apparently is counted for no special reason as yet discovered.

"The Shans give the dead a good sendoff, putting money into the mouth to pay passage to the other world. The souls are supposed to go into butterflies that flit away and the body must wait and pay its fare. The coffins are of highly colored tinsel and paper under a gaudy canopy. The wives parade with the body and the eldest son walks ahead with a sword, clearing the evil spirits from the way. The bodies of priests and chiefs are burned.

"The Bantu and the Veddas, alone of all tribes, have no ceremonies and appear to care nothing whatever about death. In both tribes the bodies are thrown into the bushes, covered with leaves and brush, and left.

"One of the prettiest ceremonies is that of the Tongans, who mourn for twenty days. The body is washed, oiled and arayed in its best, then laid in a canoe, or cest, together with the favorite implements or ornaments. The relatives live for twenty days in little huts near the house of morning—and each day they go singing in a procession to the seashore to get white sand to fill the grave. On the twentieth day they have the final parade, gathering black and white pebbles to strew over the top of the grave in the floor of the hut.

"The Turks, too, show a great care and reverence for the bodies of the dead. The body is laid upon the 'couch of comfort' and carried into the courtyard, where the washing and anointing are carried on as a religious ceremony. The body is handled with extreme care, for they believe that roughness will bring a curse.

"Perhaps the most elaborate ceremony of all the world is that of the Siamese. The coffin is a gorgeous affair of gilded paper, tinsel, or sometimes of gold and jewels. For three days the body lies in state and then is taken from the house through a special hole cut in the wall. Then the bearers carry the body three times around the house at a rapid rate—so as to puzzle the ghost and make it impossible for him to find the house again. After the ghost is all mixed up as to where it formerly lived the body is carried in state to a barge and rowed slowly to the temple. There the priests wash the face in cocoanut milk and the body is burned. This is the signal for the beginning of festivities, and a regular fair is opened in the temple yards with gambling, dancing, drinking and fireworks. If the relatives are too poor to pay for the whole entertainment the body is cut up and thrown to the birds—and the feast held just the same.

"The funeral of a Wanyoro king is the most fearful orgy in the world. The body is mummified by being roasted over a slow fire. Then, wrapped in cloth, it is carried to a long pit, in which sit the wives in two rows, with their knees together. The night before the funeral the king's own regiment scours the country and brings in captives. These are brought to the grave, and their arms and legs are broken with clubs. Then the king's body is placed upon the knees of the wives, the crippled captives are thrown into the pit, the earth heaved in on the wives, king and captives, and the crowd, singing and dancing, tramples the mound flat.

"The Somali bury their dead sitting under stone cairns, the Esquimaux place their deceased in rocky crevasses on hilltops and cover them with stone, the Tanala wrap the bodies in matting and throw them into a pit, and the Tibetans expose the bodies to the birds, then collect and save the bones. Yet they all show reverence for the dead. Among the Congo tribes cannibalism is indulged in, but it is a religious feast. The chiefs are buried with all their weapons, currency and utensils, which are damaged or 'killed' so they may go with them. In some of the tribes the slaves are killed and buried with the king, to take care of him. Others roast bodies over slow fires, mummifying them. The Wadaos do no believe in letting a prominent citizen go unattended, so a man slave and a woman are buried with him alive. The woman holds the head and the man goes along to chop wood. The neighbors, the Wanyamwezi, believe that burial pollutes the earth so they establish cemeteries wherein the bodies are thrown. They have fought wars with the Arabs, who wanted to bury the dead in the ground.

"The desire of every civilized person—to be buried 'at home'—is shown by the Mumias, who are Nilotic negroes. They first bury the body in the floor of the hut with the head above ground and watch it for months. Then they disinter the bones, wash and polish them, and carry them scores of miles to the old home of the tribe, where they are buried in the sacred ground. This same 'homing' desire is shown by the Sakalava of Madagascar. There the bodies are buried in canoe shaped coffins—possibly so they can cross some Madagascar Styx—and the funerals are acompanied by human sacrifices. A small portion of the body is cut off, placed in the hollow tooth of a crocodile, and the tooth is deposited in the sacred house at Mojanga.

"The Lulaka bury their dead in the yards of houses with singing and dancing, and months afterward dig up the bones, wash them and bury them in the sacred ground. Indians of North America place their dead on platforms above the earth, often killing a favorite horse to carry the dead to the happy hunting grounds. Beads, pipes, food and water are supplied. Some tribes place the skulls in circles on the prairies. Dead Obongos are placed in hollow trees, the hollows being sealed up with mud. Others are buried in the beds of streams, which are turned from their courses until the funeral is over. The Filipinos bury the dead ostentatiously with music and singing and bury the favorite possessions with the body.

"Whether for sanitary reasons or not, the Sakai Malays have a habit of burning down the houses in which death occurs. Articles used in life are buried with the body.

"A Niam-Niam corpse is handsomer than a live Niam-Niam. The body is dyed a bright red and decorated with feathers. The men are buried facing the east and the women thrown on the bodies.

"Lia-Kin mourners are extremely faithful. Each family owns a beautiful and imposing white tomb, which is often pawned but always redeemed. The body is placed in this tomb. Two years later there is another funeral, for the family reassembles, washes the bones, places them in a jar and enshrines them with the ancestors. The Nasai never speak ill—or well—of the dead, who are buried in seated position, with the knees under the chin and with a calabash of milk near by. The name of the dead never is uttered again, for it will bring a curse.

"The New Guinea natives also are considerate of the dead. After the body is buried, instead of erecting a tomb the wood carver makes the image of a man, which is placed in the yard, so that the spirit may have a place to reside in until his body is ready for it again. If the image is not put up the spirit has to wander.

"The Abyssinians make a feast of a funeral, and gifts of food are showered upon the relatives. The Ackawois of Guiana are buried standing, and the American post hole digger has eased the work of the grave diggers. Fijian wives walk cheerfully and happily to the graves of their lords, where they are killed and buried with them.

"The ruling passion strong in death is exemplified by the Shoho—a tribe of inveterate beggars—for the dead are buried with their left hands extending above earth, still asking alms. Every good Arab is buried with his face toward Mecca, his sword and girdle and turban beside him. The women only mourn and hired females howl for days."

The Irish and Ashiri are not related, but both hold wakes. The Ashiri, however bury the dead in sitting position—and keep up the wake for weeks, furnishing food and fire for the corpse. The Balwa have no ceremony whatever and erect no monuments. The Bongo sew the dead in sacks and bury them seated, the women facing south and the men north, and a drinking vessel is placed on the cairn of stone above them. Their neighbors, the Dyur, bury the dead in mounds.

The native of Nyasaland is the most comfortable corpse of all. He is buried in a hammock, swung between poles in the grave. A thatch is placed over the body and earth filled in. The Greeks make a festival of a burial, the body being arrayed in costly clothes and propped up in an open coffin with a pillow of earth as it rides in state to the grave. In Cyprus the pillow is filled with lemon leaves.

The Arawaks of Guiana wrap the body in a hammock and bury it seated in a palm leaf lined grave, while the mourners scream and cut off their hair. The Land Dyas of Borneo cremate their dead, while the Sea Dyas bury theirs in fine raiment. Female mourners do all the mourning and line the graves with rare rugs. The burial places are avoided at all times.

Probably the most economical funeral of all is among the Fans, who have no cemeteries. They eat their dead. Out of respect they do not eat their own relatives, but trade them off to some other bereaved family. The question of weight is not considered.

The Chins erect headboards on which are carved the most elaborate epitaphs in the world—the entire history of the dead; whose belongings are buried with them. The Hova is given a house over his grave, which is of four square blocks of stone, forming a cellar for the house, and in the house food and furniture and money are kept for his use. The kings are buried in silver canoes, and in all cases the horns of cattle are placed on poles over the hut. The Hottentots sprinkle blood over the body, sew it into mats and bury it seated in a hole, facing east. No earth is thrown over the body.

The Dutch customs are as odd as any. "Aansprecken," garbed in black, march through the neighborhood to spread the news. On the doorstep of the house of mourning is placed a pile of straw, and the size of the straw pile indicates the relative importance of the dead.

Discretion in the Engine Room.

The eminent shipbuilder was explaining the plans and specifications for the new vessel.

"In addition to being the largest and most formidable battleship afloat," he said, "and the superior of all others, both from an offensive and defensive point of view, having the most powerful armament and being practically invulnerable, it will be the fastest, beyond all comparison. It will be able to steam twenty-eight miles an hour."

"But if it is to be so much better than any other," asked one of the members of the committee, "what is the use of devoting so much attention to mere speed?"

"Why—er—it might be necessary some day. You can't tell when one of the other great Powers may build a bigger and heavier battleship."—Chicago Tribune.

Fur Wearers Had to Pay.

The customs officers were much astonished yesterday at the number of women arriving on the American Liner Merion, from Liverpool, who were bedecked in costly furs purchased abroad. For these they claimed free entry on the ground that they were wearing apparel. Notwithstanding that it was rather a warm day on the pier, the women stood the discomfort without a murmur. Some wore Russian sable boas, others moleskin suits, and still others mink fur hats. The owners could not see that they were liable to duty, though $100 is the limit to which such purchases are exempt.—Philadelphia Record.

Widow's Faithful Sons.

A rare example of filial faithfulness came to light at yesterday's meeting of the Dunmow Board of Guardians. A widow, aged ninety-two, named Maria Unwin, of Thaxted, was reported to have been maintained voluntarily by her three sons, all of them septuagenarians, one of whom, a working cooper, of Romford, wrote to say that he and his brother were still at work, and intended to contribute toward their mother's maintenance. The board commended the aged sons for the conduct and granted the old dame two shillings and a loaf per week.—London Telegraph.

Actor Swallows Diamond Pin.

Walter Smith, an actor at the Lyceum Theatre, while washing his hands to-night put his diamond scarf-pin in his mouth. He sneezed and the pin went down his throat. Smith started to-night for a Philadelphia hospital to have the X-ray locate the pin.—Wilmington (Del.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

The Original "Village Blacksmith."

Dunchurch, near Rugby, claims that its smithy is the original forge which inspired the famous verses on "The Village Blacksmith." It is a picturesque old place, and the "spreading chestnut tree" still flourishes in front of it.

Tomfoolery

QUERY.

Could a beach-comber form a Marcel wave?
Or the Spanish mane of a sea-lion primp?
Or powder the periwig of a pier?
Or the crest of a curling breaker crimp?

THE DANGEROUS NUMBER.

Knicker—"Does he look out for number one?"

Bocker—"No, for twenty-three."—New York Sun.

REVIVING THE LEGITIMATE.

Knicker—"Shakespeare is no longer popular."

Bocker—"Why doesn't his press agent get somebody to mob Othello?"—New York Sun.

ENOUGH FOR HIM.

Athletic Enthusiast — "Do you think you get exercise enough?"

Stoutly—"You bet I do! It keeps me scrambling to get a living!"—Detroit Free Press.

NO ONE TO ASK.

Ethel—"I wish I could find out if he has any bad habits."

Edith—"Can you not?"

Ethel—"No. He hasn't a friend in the world."—New York Press.

UP-AND-DOWN EAST.

Scott—"I played a funny trick on the law of gravitation this morning."

Mott—"What was it?"

Scott—"Dropped a line to my wife up in the mountains."—Boston Transcript.

NO GOOD AT THAT.

"There's one thing about Brown—he always gives away better cigars than he smokes himself."

"But there are few men that can stand the tobacco Brown smokes."—Detroit Free Press.

THEY NEED TAGS.

"Those unpopular Russian officials should wear tags."

"Why so?"

"The man who assassinated Kozlov said he thought it was Trepoff."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SEARCHING.

Signora—"My dear husband, why are you always reading the civil laws?"

Signor—"That is good. Why, I want to see whether men or women marry the most!"—Lo Scacciapensieri.

LOW TEMPERATURE.

'Do you believe that Barkson really had the rich Miss Plunkley all but persuaded to run away with him?"

"Not I. He's too cold. Why, I don't believe his own prejudices would run away with him."—Puck.

A RED LIGHT.

Customer—"I won't take this photograph; it makes me look as if I had no nose."

Photographer—"That is because the photographic plate is not sensitive to red."—Wiener Salonwitz Blatt.

AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.

"Mrs. Nagg is the most inconsistent woman I know."

"How's that?"

"She has the words 'Rest in Peace' carved on her husband's tombstone, yet she visits the grave every day."—Maggendorfer Blaetter.

THE LESSER EVIL.

"I don't see how she could possibly be sillier. She giggles so constantly."

"Well, if she didn't giggle all the time, she might talk, and perhaps that would be worse."—Catholic Standard and Times.

NATURALLY SO.

"But," said Miss Timmid, "do you really mean to say you don't feel nervous when you're one of thirteen at table?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Hirim Offen, "I do if I'm the hostess and there's a new cook in the kitchen."—Philadelphia Press.

SUSPICIOUS.

Pearl—"I suspect he has kissed some girl before."

Ruby—"And why should you think so?"

Pearl—"Well, he told me to lift my veil, as the flavor of the dye on a veil always annoyed him."—Chicago Daily News.

ASTONISHED THE PEDDLER.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the peddler of supplies, "but have you got a typewriter?"

"Yes," replied the merchant.

"May I ask what style?"

"Oh, out of sight! A regular peach. Come in and I'll introduce you to her."—Philadelphia Ledger.

AT THE DIME MUSEUM.

"Congratulate me," said the India-rubber man, as he laid aside his light overcoat.

"'Cause why?" inquired the obese lady.

"My wife presented me with a bouncing boy this morning," explained the I.-r. m., with a large, open-faced smile.—Chicago News.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

ABBOT BONIFACE.

Wrinkled, ascetic and grim,
With little of fault or whim,
And little of sunny and human mold
Where the seeds of liking might find a hold—
Such was Father Boniface,
The abbot of rich old Allonby Chase,
And nigh fourscore years old.

From a life spent in the thick
Of feud with the heretic,
Of in ruling with strong hand small and great
Inside or in sight of the abbey gate,
He came at last to die,
And, meek enough now, in chapel must lie
In pomp he used to hate.

In heaven they gave him a guide,
Who, shining there at his side,
Said, "Now to the great ones first shall we seek.
Here are fathers Syrian, Spanish, Greek,
And fathers, of course, of Rome;
And some from the uttermost kingdoms come,
And strange, unchurchly clique."

The peace on the abbot's face
At this was lessened a space,
But he said no word, and the angel tall
Led on till they came to a garden wall—
The towers of the place were seven,
And it lay on the sunset side of heaven
Where twilight glories fall.

'Twas a fair place and a wide,
And garnished on every side
With riot of bloom, and the birds and the bees
Kept tune to the ripple of streams at ease,
And many a gurgling shout
From the dimpled crew on the grass rang out
High on the listening breeze.

And hard by the open gate
The abbot cried aloud, "Wait,
I pray thee, O angel, and quickly tell
What bright ones are these?" And he said
"Here dwell
The souls of the children small
Who died in the wreck of their fathers' fall,
Too young to know they fell.

"Yon lad at play by the brook
Was Korah's son; when they took
White Ashkelon's towers, and the people slew,
Like doves, all the little souls this way flew;
The child of the Canaanite
Has a welcome here in the high God's sight
As warm as has the Jew."

"Sayest thou? They are orphans, then,"
Said Boniface; and again,
"May an old man enter, and childless, too?"
And then at the answer eagerly drew
Anigh an Amalekite maid
Of three, who alone by a rose-tree played.
She let the leaves slip through

Her fingers, watching his face,
Then laughing, with baby grace
She held out her arms. And the guide went on
To the great, if great ones he sought, alone;
But Boniface in the thick
Of the heathen seed and the heretic
Found heaven and heart's ease won.
—William Hervey Woods.

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However, at the crucial moment Jack was engaged at a distance in impersonating an automobile at full speed, and Phyllis, whose imagination in these co-operative diversions were never required to take such stately flights, had accepted the role of banana vendor, shortly to be bumped, bowled over and completely extinguished by this counterfeit tyrant of the thoroughfares. A real banana vendor had met with a catastrophe of this sort in their sight the day before. Two moments after the conversation by telephone, which they did not hear, had ceased, they were summoned to the house.

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"Mother doesn't like to have her babies look so ragged," replied the parent, strategically.

"Why don't you want us to be ragged?" insisted Jack. "You didn't care last Saturday. Father said he never saw my face so dirty," he continued, piling up evidence.

"But it really isn't nice to look like frights. After this you will be dressed every Saturday afternoon, just as you are on school days and Sundays."

Phyllis had been wrestling with conclusions. "Is some one coming?" she asked. "May I stay to dinner?"

"No, darling." And no court of veracity could have decided which question it was the mother answered.

Phyllis, however, watched the appearance of her second best dress and experience was more convincing than parental negatives. "I think some one is coming, Jack," she said, calmly. "I think that's why we are dressing up."

"Is it Uncle Harry?" inquired Jack, eagerly. "He promised to bring me some marbles."

The strategic parent retreated behind the usual defenses. She assumed her prerogative of authority, unquestionable source of decisions and commands.

"Mother said," she repeated firmly, "that she does not like to see you looking so ragged. That is the only reason you are dressing up." It sounded masterful. It was really a humiliating capitulation.

"Will you hate to see us look this way next Saturday, too?" asked Jack.

"Every Saturday," repeated the parent firmly.

Jack wore the expression of a philosopher who resigns himself to the inevitable. Phyllis, however, had no regrets. She possessed the feminine adaptability to fuss and feathers.

"There," sighed the strategic parent, as the twins creaked out of sight around the bend in the front stairway. "Now they won't tell Harriet Van Allen the minute she arrives that I was expecting her, and they won't carefully explain that that is the reason they have on their white frocks and best shoes. I am glad they weren't near the 'phone when she called me up."

Mrs. Van Allen was one of those disturbing visitors who never found virtue in uncouth and uncombed juvenility. The small Van Allens were always spick and span and less vigorous mothers than theirs succeeded in emulating this condition, so far as their offspring were concerned only when it was known beforehand that Mrs. Van Allen was coming.

Mrs. Van Allen arrived. The twins were introduced. Conversation followed. Unluckily, at that moment the strategic parent was called to the telephone. Unluckily, also, the twins found that instrument less attractive than the visitor.

"That is a very handsome gown you have on," began Mrs. Van Allen, by way of making herself agreeable.

Phyllis demonstrated the golden quality of silence.

"It is her best one," explained Jack. "These are my best shoes, too."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Van Allen. "It must be lovely to have on one's best shoes."

"Only," qualified Jack, "a boy likes bare feet better."

"We're never going to have bare feet any more," remarked Phyllis at this juncture, steadfastly addressing her brother in spite of the fact that he was already possessed of the information. "We're always going to be dressed up Saturday afternoons."

"It's because mother doesn't like to see us so ragged," explained Jack, politely. "She didn't mind until today, but after this she's going to."

"We thought," said Phyllis, in a sudden burst of confidence that included the whole world, "we thought at first it was because some one was coming." Then she was immediately covered with confusion when she noted that the visitor was listening to her attentively.

It was at this point that the strategic parent hurried back into the room.

"Well, babies," said she, with the benign smile of ignorance, "how are you entertaining Mrs. Van Allen?"

"Because," finished Jack, sticking to the former subject of conversation with painful tenacity, "mother used to dress us up on Saturday only when somebody was coming."

Having thus creditably acquitted himself of all conversational responsibility he beamed cheerfully upon his mother.—Chicago News.

Overcoat of Navy Blankets.

Lieut. W. R. Henderson, who arrived last evening from the Orient on the transport Thomas, brought an overcoat made out of two British navy blankets. Henderson is "more than common tall," and would be noticeable without the cream colored sack that he is taking to his home in the East to keep him warm when skating time comes.

The coat is quite a startling affair, much affected by British navy officers, but seldom seen in this part of the world. If you see a tall, handsome young fellow, wearing a loose fitting garment that suggests memories of the exodus from the Occidental Hotel on the morning of April 18, know by this that he is not a belated refugee, but a gallant navy officer.—San Francisco Call.

A Slight Hitch.

Stranger—"Sir, do you remember giving a poor, friendless tramp fifty cents one cold night last winter?"

Jones—"I do!"

"Sir, I am that tramp; that fifty cents was the turning point in my career; with it I got a shave, a shine, a meal, and a job. I saved my money, went to Alaska, made a million dollars, and last week I came back to New York to share my millions with you. But, unfortunately, I struck Wall Street before I struck you—and—have you another fifty cents that you could conveniently spare, sir?"—Life.

A Sectarian Contributor.

An absent-minded woman walked into the church, took a front seat and joined in the service vigorously. Then the collection basket was passed to her, and, putting a coin into it, she looked about. She cast glances in every direction, her mind cleared, and an expression of amazement overspread her face. She got up. She hurried down the aisle. She overtook the man with the collection basket. "I'm in the wrong church," she whispered, and, taking out the coin she had put in, she hurried forth.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Reason For It.

"Here's a story," said Mrs. Nagget, looking up from her paper, "of a man who begged the judge to send him to jail in place of his wife——"

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Nagget, "and yet you say we men never sacrifice ourselves for——"

"Wait a minute. This woman stole some clothes she was given to wash. You see, she couldn't take in washing while she was in jail, and so he would have had to work."—Philadelphia Press.

Australia exports 24,000,000 rabbit skins a year. To kill this great number costs about $225,000.

Peculiar Burial Customs.

EACH RACE HAS ITS OWN RITES AND CEREMONIES

There Are 463 Methods of Interment—People That Rejoice When the End Comes—Shohoes Beggars Even in Death—King's Body in Silver Canoe.

There are 463 different ways in which the people of the world bury their dead. Scarcely any two tribes of people in all the world dispose of those who pass away in the same manner. A man can take his choice of the great number of ceremonies.

S. Lewis Tillotson, a Baltimore undertaker, has made a study of the burial customs of the world with a view of improving, if possible, the means of disposing of bodies used in most civilized countries and to discover behind the ceremonials and the rites of burial and the methods of disposing of the bodies the odd beliefs of the people.

His discoveries and investigations have shown many strange things, but as yet he has made no recommendations looking toward improvement of present systems.

One thing he has found, says the Chicago Tribune, is that every tribe of people in the world except two—the Veddas of India and the Bantus of Africa—shows some mark of reverence to the dead—even those who eat them—and that every one except those same two shows from its treatment of the dead some belief in a future existence.

About three-fourths of the people of the world are sorry, or pretend they are sorry, when a death happens among their friends or relatives, and the other fourth are glad. About four-fifths object to death and the other fifth welcome it.

"Among the Karens of Burma there is a close relation between the burial and the wedding ceremonies, and a death is made the occasion of a wholesale courting," said Mr. Tillotson. "The body is placed on a bamboo platform outside the hut and all the young men and girls gather there, singing and laughing. The men seat themselves on one side of the body and the girls on the other and there, as if made happy by the presence of death, they carry on their courtships—and the men select their wives. The Kirghiz-Kazaks are strong in their remembrance of the dead—and here may be food for religious thought for Bible students in their customs. After death the body is hastily buried, arrayed in white clothes, and every day for forty days after the death the mourners visit the tomb. The forty days period apparently is counted for no special reason as yet discovered.

"The Shans give the dead a good sendoff, putting money into the mouth to pay passage to the other world. The souls are supposed to go into butterflies that flit away and the body must wait and pay its fare. The coffins are of highly colored tinsel and paper under a gaudy canopy. The wives parade with the body and the eldest son walks ahead with a sword, clearing the evil spirits from the way. The bodies of priests and chiefs are burned.

"The Bantu and the Veddas, alone of all tribes, have no ceremonies and appear to care nothing whatever about death. In both tribes the bodies are thrown into the bushes, covered with leaves and brush, and left.

"One of the prettiest ceremonies is that of the Tongans, who mourn for twenty days. The body is washed, oiled and arayed in its best, then laid in a canoe, or cest, together with the favorite implements or ornaments. The relatives live for twenty days in little huts near the house of morning—and each day they go singing in a procession to the seashore to get white sand to fill the grave. On the twentieth day they have the final parade, gathering black and white pebbles to strew over the top of the grave in the floor of the hut.

"The Turks, too, show a great care and reverence for the bodies of the dead. The body is laid upon the 'couch of comfort' and carried into the courtyard, where the washing and anointing are carried on as a religious ceremony. The body is handled with extreme care, for they believe that roughness will bring a curse.

"Perhaps the most elaborate ceremony of all the world is that of the Siamese. The coffin is a gorgeous affair of gilded paper, tinsel, or sometimes of gold and jewels. For three days the body lies in state and then is taken from the house through a special hole cut in the wall. Then the bearers carry the body three times around the house at a rapid rate—so as to puzzle the ghost and make it impossible for him to find the house again. After the ghost is all mixed up as to where it formerly lived the body is carried in state to a barge and rowed slowly to the temple. There the priests wash the face in cocoanut milk and the body is burned. This is the signal for the beginning of festivities, and a regular fair is opened in the temple yards with gambling, dancing, drinking and fireworks. If the relatives are too poor to pay for the whole entertainment the body is cut up and thrown to the birds—and the feast held just the same.

"The funeral of a Wanyoro king is the most fearful orgy in the world. The body is mummified by being roasted over a slow fire. Then, wrapped in cloth, it is carried to a long pit, in which sit the wives in two rows, with their knees together. The night before the funeral the king's own regiment scours the country and brings in captives. These are brought to the grave, and their arms and legs are broken with clubs. Then the king's body is placed upon the knees of the wives, the crippled captives are thrown into the pit, the earth heaved in on the wives, king and captives, and the crowd, singing and dancing, tramples the mound flat.

"The Somali bury their dead sitting under stone cairns, the Esquimaux place their deceased in rocky crevasses on hilltops and cover them with stone, the Tanala wrap the bodies in matting and throw them into a pit, and the Tibetans expose the bodies to the birds, then collect and save the bones. Yet they all show reverence for the dead. Among the Congo tribes cannibalism is indulged in, but it is a religious feast. The chiefs are buried with all their weapons, currency and utensils, which are damaged or 'killed' so they may go with them. In some of the tribes the slaves are killed and buried with the king, to take care of him. Others roast bodies over slow fires, mummifying them. The Wadaos do no believe in letting a prominent citizen go unattended, so a man slave and a woman are buried with him alive. The woman holds the head and the man goes along to chop wood. The neighbors, the Wanyamwezi, believe that burial pollutes the earth so they establish cemeteries wherein the bodies are thrown. They have fought wars with the Arabs, who wanted to bury the dead in the ground.

"The desire of every civilized person—to be buried 'at home'—is shown by the Mumias, who are Nilotic negroes. They first bury the body in the floor of the hut with the head above ground and watch it for months. Then they disinter the bones, wash and polish them, and carry them scores of miles to the old home of the tribe, where they are buried in the sacred ground. This same 'homing' desire is shown by the Sakalava of Madagascar. There the bodies are buried in canoe shaped coffins—possibly so they can cross some Madagascar Styx—and the funerals are accompanied by human sacrifices. A small portion of the body is cut off, placed in the hollow tooth of a crocodile, and the tooth is deposited in the sacred house at Mojanga.

"The Lulaka bury their dead in the yards of houses with singing and dancing, and months afterward dig up the bones, wash them and bury them in the sacred ground. Indians of North America place their dead on platforms above the earth, often killing a favorite horse to carry the dead to the happy hunting grounds. Beads, pipes, food and water are supplied. Some tribes place the skulls in circles on the prairies. Dead Obongos are placed in hollow trees, the hollows being sealed up with mud. Others are buried in the beds of streams, which are turned from their courses until the funeral is over. The Filipinos bury the dead ostentatiously with music and singing and bury the favorite possessions with the body.

"Whether for sanitary reasons or not, the Sakai Malays have a habit of burning down the houses in which death occurs. Articles used in life are buried with the body.

"A Niam-Niam corpse is handsomer than a live Niam-Niam. The body is dyed a bright red and decorated with feathers. The men are buried facing the east and the women thrown on the bodies.

"Liu-Kiu mourners are extremely faithful. Each family owns a beautiful and imposing white tomb, which is often pawned but always redeemed. The body is placed in this tomb. Two years later there is another funeral, for the family reassembles, washes the bones, places them in a jar and enshrines them with the ancestors. The Nasai never speak ill—or well—of the dead, who are buried in seated position, with the knees under the chin and with a calabash of milk near by. The name of the dead never is uttered again, for it will bring a curse.

"The New Guinea natives also are considerate of the dead. After the body is buried, instead of erecting a tomb the wood carver makes the image of a man, which is placed in the yard, so that the spirit may have a place to reside in until his body is ready for it again. If the image is not put up the spirit has to wander.

"The Abyssinians make a feast of a funeral, and gifts of food are showered upon the relatives. The Ackawois of Guiana are buried standing, and the American post hole digger has eased the work of the grave diggers. Fijian wives walk cheerfully and happily to the graves of their lords, where they are killed and buried with them.

"The ruling passion strong in death is exemplified by the Shoho—a tribe of inveterate beggars—for the dead are buried with their left hands extending above earth, still asking alms. Every good Arab is buried with his face toward Mecca, his sword and girdle and turban beside him. The women only mourn and hired females howl for days."

The Irish and Ashiri are not related, but both hold wakes. The Ashiri, however bury the dead in sitting position—and keep up the wake for weeks, furnishing food and fire for the corpse. The Baiwa have no ceremony whatever and erect no monuments. The Bongo sew the dead in sacks and bury them seated, the women facing south and the men north, and a drinking vessel is placed on the cairn of stone above them. Their neighbors, the Dyur, bury the dead in mounds.

The native of Nyasaland is the most comfortable corpse of all. He is buried in a hammock, swung between poles in the grave. A thatch is placed over the body and earth filled in. The Greeks make a festival of a burial, the body being arrayed in costly clothes and propped up in an open coffin with a pillow of earth as it rides in state to the grave. In Cyprus the pillow is filled with lemon leaves.

The Arawaks of Guiana wrap the body in a hammock and bury it seated in a palm leaf lined grave, while the mourners scream and cut off their hair. The Land Dyas of Borneo cremate their dead, while the Sea Dyas bury theirs in fine raiment. Female mourners do all the mourning and line the graves with rare rugs. The burial places are avoided at all times.

Probably the most economical funeral of all is among the Fans, who have no cemeteries. They eat their dead. Out of respect they do not eat their own relatives, but trade them off to some other bereaved family. The question of weight is not considered.

The Chins erect headboards on which are carved the most elaborate epitaphs in the world—the entire history of the dead, whose belongings are buried with them. The Hova is given a house over his grave, which is of four square blocks of stone, forming a cellar for the house, and in the house food and furniture and money are kept for his use. The kings are buried in silver canoes, and in all cases the horns of cattle are placed on poles over the hut. The Hottentots sprinkle blood over the body, sew it into mats and bury it seated in a hole, facing east. No earth is thrown over the body.

The Dutch customs are as odd as any. "Aansprecken," garbed in black, march through the neighborhood to spread the news. On the doorstep of the house of mourning is placed a pile of straw, and the size of the straw pile indicates the relative importance of the dead.

Discretion in the Engine Room.

The eminent shipbuilder was explaining the plans and specifications for the new vessel.

"In addition to being the largest and most formidable battleship afloat," he said, "and the superior of all others, both from an offensive and defensive point of view, having the most powerful armament and being practically invulnerable, it will be the fastest, beyond all comparison. It will be able to steam twenty-eight miles an hour."

"But if it is to be so much better than any other," asked one of the members of the committee, "what is the use of devoting so much attention to mere speed?"

"Why—er—it might be necessary some day. You can't tell when one of the other great Powers may build a bigger and heavier battleship."—Chicago Tribune.

Fur Wearers Had to Pay.

The customs officers were much astonished yesterday at the number of women arriving on the American Liner Merion, from Liverpool, who were bedecked in costly furs purchased abroad. For these they claimed free entry on the ground that they were wearing apparel. Notwithstanding that it was rather a warm day on the pier, the women stood the discomfort without a murmur. Some wore Russian sable boas, others moleskin suits, and still others mink fur hats. The owners could not see that they were liable to duty, though $100 is the limit to which such purchases are exempt.—Philadelphia Record.

Widow's Faithful Sons.

A rare example of filial faithfulness came to light at yesterday's meeting of the Dunmow Board of Guardians. A widow, aged ninety-two, named Maria Unwin, of Thaxted, was reported to have been maintained voluntarily by her three sons, all of them septuagenarians, one of whom, a working cooper, of Romford, wrote to say that he and his brother were still at work, and intended to contribute toward their mother's maintenance. The board commended the aged sons for the conduct and granted the old dame two shillings and a loaf per week.—London Telegraph.

Actor Swallows Diamond Pin.

Walter Smith, an actor at the Lyceum Theatre, while washing his hands to-night put his diamond scarfpin in his mouth. He sneezed and the pin went down his throat. Smith started to-night for a Philadelphia hospital to have the X-ray locate the pin.—Wilmington (Del.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

The Original "Village Blacksmith."

Dunchurch, near Rugby, claims that its smithy is the original forge which inspired the famous verses on "The Village Blacksmith." It is a picturesque old place, and the "spreading chestnut tree" still flourishes in front of it.

QUERY.

Could a beach-comber form a Marcel wave?
Or the Spanish mane of a sea-lion primp?
Or powder the periwig of a pier?
Or the crest of a curling breaker crimp?

THE DANGEROUS NUMBER.

Knicker—"Does he look out for number one?"

Bocker—"No, for twenty-three."—New York Sun.

REVIVING THE LEGITIMATE.

Knicker—"Shakespeare is no longer popular."

Bocker—"Why doesn't his press agent get somebody to mob Othello?"—New York Sun.

ENOUGH FOR HIM.

Athletic Enthusiast — "Do you think you get exercise enough?"

Stoutly—"You bet I do! It keeps me scrambling to get a living!"—Detroit Free Press.

NO ONE TO ASK.

Ethel—"I wish I could find out if he has any bad habits."

Edith—"Can you not?"

Ethel—"No. He hasn't a friend in the world."—New York Press.

UP-AND-DOWN EAST.

Scott—"I played a funny trick on the law of gravitation this morning."

Mott—"What was it?"

Scott—"Dropped a line to my wife up in the mountains."—Boston Transcript.

NO GOOD AT THAT.

"There's one thing about Brown—he always gives away better cigars than he smokes himself."

"But there are few men that can stand the tobacco Brown smokes."—Detroit Free Press.

THEY NEED TAGS.

"Those unpopular Russian officials should wear tags."

"Why so?"

"The man who assassinated Kozlov said he thought it was Trepoff."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SEARCHING.

Signora—"My dear husband, why are you always reading the civil laws?"

Signor—"That is good. Why, I want to see whether men or women marry the most!"—Lo Scacciapensieri.

LOW TEMPERATURE.

'Do you believe that Barkson really had the rich Miss Plunkley all but persuaded to run away with him?"

"Not I. He's too cold. Why, I don't believe his own prejudices would run away with him."—Puck.

A RED LIGHT.

Customer—"I won't take this photograph; it makes me look as if I had no nose."

Photographer—"That is because the photographic plate is not sensitive to red."—Wiener Salonwitz Blatt.

AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.

"Mrs. Nagg is the most inconsistent woman I know."

"How's that?"

"She has the words 'Rest in Peace' carved on her husband's tombstone, yet she visits the grave every day."—Maggendorfer Blaetter.

THE LESSER EVIL.

"I don't see how she could possibly be sillier. She giggles so constantly."

"Well, if she didn't giggle all the time, she might talk, and perhaps that would be worse."—Catholic Standard and Times.

NATURALLY SO.

"But," said Miss Timmid, "do you really mean to say you don't feel nervous when you're one of thirteen at table?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Hirim Offen, "I do if I'm the hostess and there's a new cook in the kitchen."—Philadelphia Press.

SUSPICIOUS.

Pearl—"I suspect he has kissed some girl before."

Ruby—"And why should you think so?"

Pearl—"Well, he told me to lift my veil, as the flavor of the dye on a veil always annoyed him."—Chicago Daily News.

ASTONISHED THE PEDDLER.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the peddler of supplies, "but have you got a typewriter?"

"Yes," replied the merchant.

"May I ask what style?"

"Oh, out of sight! A regular peach. Come in and I'll introduce you to her."—Philadelphia Ledger.

AT THE DIME MUSEUM.

"Congratulate me," said the India-rubber man, as he laid aside his light overcoat.

"'Cause why?" inquired the obese lady.

"My wife presented me with a bouncing boy this morning," explained the I.-r. m., with a large, open-faced smile.—Chicago News.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

That our American forests abound in plants which possess the most valuable medicinal virtues is abundantly attested by scores of the most eminent medical writers and teachers. Even the untutored Indians had discovered the usefulness of many native plants before the advent of the white race. This information, imparted freely to the whites, led the latter to continue investigations until to-day we have a rich assortment of most valuable American medicinal roots.

Dr. Pierce believes that our American forests abound in most valuable medicinal roots for the cure of most obstinate and fatal diseases, if we would properly investigate them; and in confirmation of this conviction, he points with pride to the almost marvelous cures effected by his "Golden Medical Discovery," which has proven itself to be the most efficient stomach tonic, liver invigorator, heart tonic and regulator, and blood cleanser known to medical science. Dyspepsia, or indigestion, torpid liver, functional and even valvular and other affections of the heart yield to its curative action. The reason *why* it cures these and many other affections, is clearly shown in a little book of extracts from the standard medical works which is mailed *free* to any address by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., to all sending request for the same.

Not less marvelous, in the unparalleled cures it is constantly making of woman's many peculiar affections, weaknesses and distressing derangements, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as is amply attested by thousands of unsolicited testimonials contributed by grateful patients who have been cured by it of catarrhal pelvic drains, painful periods, irregularities, prolapsus and other displacements, caused by weakness, ulceration of uterus and kindred affections, often after many other advertised medicines, and physicians had failed.

Both the above mentioned medicines are wholly made up from the glyceric extracts of native, medicinal roots. The processes employed in their manufacture were original with Dr. Pierce, and they are carried on by skilled chemists and pharmacists with the aid of apparatus and appliances specially designed and built for this purpose. Both medicines are entirely free from alcohol and all other harmful, habit-forming drugs. A full list of their ingredients is printed on each bottle-wrapper.

Life in Frozen Seeds.

Seeds, like "Sleeping Beauty," can slumber for long years and then reawaken to life. Lieut. Greely, commander of the Lady Franklin bay expedition, which sailed north in 1881, took out seeds of various vegetables. Some of these were sown without success at Fort Conger, 81 degrees 44 minutes north. The station was abandoned in 1883. In 1899, 16 years later, the abandoned station was discovered by Lieut. Peary. Among other things he found a packet of radish seed in an open box in the attic at the fort. These seeds had been exposed for 16 years to a winter temperature of 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. The seeds were sent home and remained until the spring of 1905, when they were sown and 50 per cent produced perfectly normal plants, from 23-year-old seeds. The question is raised as to whether the electrically charged atmosphere, so constant in northern regions, has the effect of producing germinative force. It has been observed that the atmospheric electric currents add quite 100 per cent to the rapidity of plant growth and to the development of color and strength of perfumes.—Chicago Tribune.

TRYING EXPERIENCE.

Spent Over $100 in a Vain Search For Health.

Miss Frances Gardner, of 369 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ills., writes: "Gentlemen: I heartily endorse Doan's Kidney Pills, as I have found by personal experience that they are an ideal kidney remedy. I suffered with complications of kidney complaint for nearly five years, spent over $100 on useless remedies, while five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in a few short weeks. I am now enjoying the best of health, have a fine appetite, the best of digestion, and restful sleep, all due to your splendid pills." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Oldest Tree in the World.

The oldest tree in the world is said to be the famous dragon tree of Teneriffe, which is estimated to be from 4,000 to 6,000 years of age. This wonder of the plant world was 70 feet or more in height until the year 1819, when during a terrific storm one of the large branches was broken off. A similar storm in 1867 stripped the trunk of its remaining branches, and left it standing alone. This tree derives its common name from a reddish exudation known as dragon's blood, found in the sepulchral caves of the Gauches, and supposed to have been used by them in embalming their dead.

Landholders in Egypt.

There is an enormous number of small landholders in Egypt, 5,000,000 acres being cultivated by over 1,000,000 landowners, of whom 6,000 are Europeans, owning, on an average, a little over 100 acres. Nine hundred and forty peasants hold under five acres each, or 23 per cent of the whole cultivated land; while 12,000 men of means have holdings above fifty acres, their total being over 2,000,000 acres, or 44 per cent of the whole; proprietors of between five and twenty acres having 21 per cent.

CLAIM GIFT OF TONGUES.

Members of New Sect Suddenly Endowed With Ability to Speak Chinese and Greek.

Power to heal the sick, to prophesy, and the gift of tongues like that which enabled the first apostles to preach the gospel in strange lands, are all claimed by the members of the Church of the Full Gospel, a new religious sect which in the past three years has sprung up in Colorado and grown with remarkable rapidity.

In an old church on the corner of Nineteenth and Welton street, the congregation in Denver, which now numbers 800, holds its meetings on Sunday for regular service. Every Wednesday afternoon a meeting is held at which it is claimed the power of Divine healing has been again and again manifested. The Rev. G. F. Fink is founder of the new sect. The pastor of the Denver congregation is the Rev. S. A. Brelesford. Fifteen young men are now preparing themselves to become missionaries in foreign fields. Most of them understand no foreign language, but they will leave in the faith that this difficulty will be overcome through divine aid.

The claim is made that in the presence of many people members of the church have already been gifted with tongues they never heard before. Ethel Brelesford, the 12-year-old daughter of Pastor Brelesford, is said to have recently spoken in Chinese, James Diltz, assistant roadmaster of the Rock Island, recently resigned to become a missionary. He, too they say, can speak Chinese. Others have spoken in German and Spanish, and two were gifted with the Greek language.

Fishes With Four Eyes.

Fishes have been discovered in Guatemala with two pairs of eyes. One pair does duty above water and the other below, the fish thus being able to see equally well in two elements.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance: Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A blue garden, every plant bearing blue flowers, has been laid out at South Lytchett Manor, Dorsetshire, England, the residence of Sir Elliott Lees.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle

Drove Josef to Tears.

Josef Hofman, the pianist, once composed a couple of pieces in a dream. His father found him in tears in the morning because, on sitting down at the piano, he found he had forgotten the better composition of the two.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days.

Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

A Traveling Knife.

Truly ingenious is the device which cleans the pipe lines that carry crude petroleum. As the oil passes through the conduits paraffin incrusts the sides of the pipes, and proves a serious hindrance to the free passage of the oil. The device used to remedy this evil is a knife about two feet in length, with a sharp edge, constructed like the thread of a screw; indeed the knife resembles a huge, headless screw. It is slightly smaller than the pipe through which it is to pass. When the crust of paraffin renders a cleansing necessary, this instrument is inserted in the pipe. The pressure of the stream of oil drives it forward, revolving rapidly as it hurries along, and scrapes the channels clean, finally dropping into the receiving tank.

Tells Their Trade.

Nearly every trade has its peculiar malady. Blacksmiths are liable to paralysis of the right side, due to the shock of hammering with the sledge, and they are also liable to weak eyes, caused by the glare of the forge. Carpenters are liable to varicose veins, because they stand so much, while continuous sawing tends to injure the artery that carries the blood from the heart to the right arm. Bakers and miners, the one through the white dust of flour and the other through the black dust of coal, get weak lungs. Miners get weak eyes, too, from working so much in the dark.

How's This?

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The favorite amusements of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland are skating and riding, but as a child her hobby was the keeping of poultry. Her Majesty is devoted to animals, and is averse to sport, as she cannot bear to think of the animals in her preserves being slaughtered.

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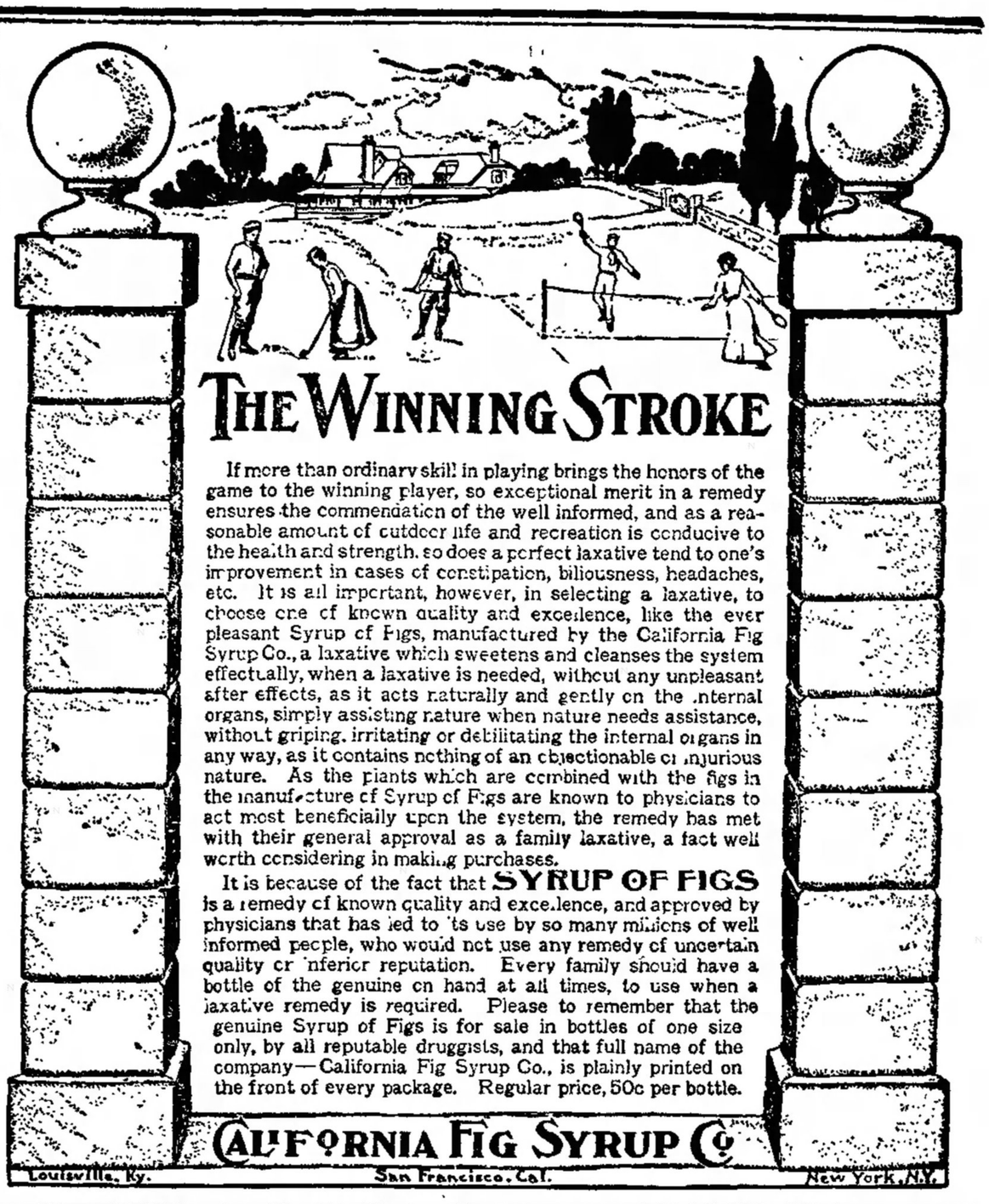

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Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri

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DISFIGURING SKIN HUMOR

Impossible to Get Employment, as Face and Body Were Covered With Sores —Cured by Cuticura.

"Since the year 1894 I have been troubled with a very bad case of eczema which I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to cure, and I went to the hospital, but they failed to cure me, and it was getting worse all the time. Five weeks ago my wife bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap, and I am pleased to say that I am now completely cured and well. It was impossible for me to get employment, as my face, head and body were covered with it. The eczema first appeared on the top of my head, and it had worked all the way around down the back of my neck and around to my throat, down my body and around the hips. It itched so I would be obliged to scratch it, and the flesh was raw. I am now all well, and I will be pleased to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to all persons who wish a speedy and permanent cure of skin diseases. Thomas M. Rossiter, 290 Prospect Street, East Orange, N. J., Mar. 30, 1905."

English Shipbuilders Busy.

The activity in shipbuilding in England is now greatly reducing the number of unemployed in the shipbuilding industries. A year ago there were above 11 per cent unemployed. Now, by a board of trade report, it is shown that the unemployed are brought down to about 5 per cent.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The daily production of woolen hats in the town of Monza, Italy, is about 150,000. There are 14 factories with 7,000 employes.

Coal Tar for Roads.

The French have found coal tar better than crude petroleum (and cheaper) as a top dressing for country roads. "Unlike oil," says Consul General Mason, "it hardens when exposed in a thin layer to the action of the air, covering the surface of the road with a practically air and watertight skin."

Jews Moving to Jerusalem.

It is reported that more than 100 Jewish families move into Jerusalem every week. Though most of them are very poor, yet they find means to make a scanty living. Jerusalem is rapidly becoming once more a Jewish city.

Cycling at High Speed.

One of the discoveries made during the calculation of the force exerted by cyclists, is that at high speed the work in covering a specified distance is that of a man runing the same distance.

The use of typewriters is becoming general in Spain. The German machines are being actively pushed, but the American, though more expensive are preferred

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 Days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

P. N. U. 51, 1906.

WINCHESTER

Smokeless Powder Shells

"LEADER" and "REPEATER"

The superiority of Winchester Smokeless Powder Shells is undisputed. Among intelligent shooters they stand first in popularity, records and shooting qualities. Always use them

For Field or Trap Shooting.

Ask Your Dealer For Them.

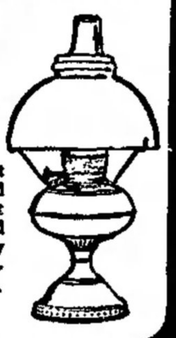
Have You A Cold Room?

In most houses there is a room without proper heating facilities—to say nothing of chilly hallways. Even though the heat of your stoves or furnace should be inadequate to warm the whole house there need not be one cold spot if you have a

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

It will heat a room in no time and will *keep* it warm and cozy. Operated as easily as a lamp and perfectly safe. Wick cannot be turned too high or too low. Gives no smoke or smell because fitted with unique smokeless device. Can be carried about, which cannot be done with an ordinary stove. The Perfection Oil Heater is superior to all other oil heaters and is an ornament to any home. Made in two finishes—nickel and japan. Brass oil fount beautifully embossed. Holds four quarts of oil and burns nine hours. Every heater warranted. If not at your dealer's write nearest agency for descriptive circular.



THE Rayo Lamp is the safest and best all-round household lamp. Made of brass throughout and nickel-plated. Equipped with latest improved burner. Every lamp warranted. An ornament to any room whether library, dining-room, parlor or bedroom. Write to nearest agency if not at your dealer's.

ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

That our American forests abound in plants which possess the most valuable medicinal virtues is abundantly attested by scores of the most eminent medical writers and teachers. Even the untutored Indians had discovered the usefulness of many native plants before the advent of the white race. This information, imparted freely to the whites, led the latter to continue investigations until to-day we have a rich assortment of most valuable American medicinal roots.

Dr. Pierce believes that our American forests abound in most valuable medicinal roots for the cure of most obstinate and fatal diseases, if we would properly investigate them; and, in confirmation of this conviction, he points with pride to the almost marvelous cures effected by his "Golden Medical Discovery," which has proven itself to be the most efficient stomach tonic, liver invigorator, heart tonic and regulator, and blood cleanser known to medical science. Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, torpid liver, functional and even valvular and other affections of the heart yield to its curative action. The reason *why* it cures these and many other affections, is clearly shown in a little book of extracts from the standard medical works which is mailed *free* to any address by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., to all sending request for the same.

Not less marvelous, in the unparalleled cures it is constantly making of woman's many peculiar affections, weaknesses and distressing derangements, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as is amply attested by thousands of unsolicited testimonials contributed by grateful patients who have been cured by it of catarrhal pelvic drains, painful periods, irregularities, prolapsus and other displacements, caused by weakness, ulceration of uterus and kindred affections, often after many other advertised medicines, and physicians had failed.

Both the above mentioned medicines are wholly made up from the glyceric extracts of native, medicinal roots. The processes employed in their manufacture were original with Dr. Pierce, and they are carried on by skilled chemists and pharmacists with the aid of apparatus and appliances specially designed and built for this purpose. Both medicines are entirely free from alcohol and all other harmful, habit-forming drugs. A full list of their ingredients is printed on each bottle-wrapper.

Life in Frozen Seeds.

Seeds, like "Sleeping Beauty," can slumber for long years and then reawaken to life. Lieut. Greely, commander of the Lady Franklin bay expedition, which sailed north in 1881, took out seeds of various vegetables. Some of these were sown without success at Fort Conger, 81 degrees 44 minutes north. The station was abandoned in 1883. In 1899, 16 years later, the abandoned station was discovered by Lieut. Peary. Among other things he found a packet of radish seed in an open box in the attic at the fort. These seeds had been exposed for 16 years to a winter temperature of 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. The seeds were sent home and remained until the spring of 1905, when they were sown and 50 per cent produced perfectly normal plants, from 23-year-old seeds. The question is raised as to whether the electrically charged atmosphere, so constant in northern regions, has the effect of producing germinative force. It has been observed that the atmospheric electric currents add quite 100 per cent to the rapidity of plant growth and to the development of color and strength of perfumes.—Chicago Tribune.

TRYING EXPERIENCE.

Spent Over $100 in a Vain Search For Health.

Miss Frances Gardner, of 369 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ills., writes: "Gentlemen: I heartily endorse Doan's Kidney Pills, as I have found by personal experience that they are an ideal kidney remedy. I suffered with complications of kidney complaint for nearly five years, spent over $100 on useless remedies, while five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in a few short weeks. I am now enjoying the best of health, have a fine appetite, the best of digestion, and restful sleep, all due to your splendid pills."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Oldest Tree in the World.

The oldest tree in the world is said to be the famous dragon tree of Teneriffe, which is estimated to be from 4,000 to 6,000 years of age. This wonder of the plant world was 70 feet or more in height until the year 1819, when during a terrific storm one of the large branches was broken off. A similar storm in 1867 stripped the trunk of its remaining branches, and left it standing alone. This tree derives its common name from a reddish exudation known as dragon's blood, found in the sepulchral caves of the Gauches, and supposed to have been used by them in embalming their dead.

Landholders in Egypt.

There is an enormous number of small landholders in Egypt, 5,000,000 acres being cultivated by over 1,000,000 landowners, of whom 6,000 are Europeans, owning, on an average, a little over 100 acres. Nine hundred and forty peasants hold under five acres each, or 23 per cent of the whole cultivated land; while 12,000 men of means have holdings above fifty acres, their total being over 2,250,000 acres, or 44 per cent of the whole; proprietors of between five and twenty acres having 21 per cent.

CLAIM GIFT OF TONGUES.

Members of New Sect Suddenly Endowed With Ability to Speak Chinese and Greek.

Power to heal the sick, to prophesy, and the gift of tongues like that which enabled the first apostles to preach the gospel in strange lands, are all claimed by the members of the Church of the Full Gospel, a new religious sect which in the past three years has sprung up in Colorado and grown with remarkable rapidity.

In an old church on the corner of Nineteenth and Welton street, the congregation in Denver, which now numbers 800, holds its meetings on Sunday for regular service. Every Wednesday afternoon a meeting is held at which it is claimed the power of Divine healing has been again and again manifested. The Rev. G. F. Fink is founder of the new sect. The pastor of the Denver congregation is the Rev. S. A. Brelesford. Fifteen young men are now preparing themselves to become missionaries in foreign fields. Most of them understand no foreign language, but they will leave in the faith that this difficulty will be overcome through divine aid.

The claim is made that in the presence of many people members of the church have already been gifted with tongues they never heard before. Ethel Brelesford, the 12-year-old daughter of Pastor Brelesford, is said to have recently spoken in Chinese. James Diltz, assistant roadmaster of the Rock Island, recently resigned to become a missionary. He, too they say, can speak Chinese. Others have spoken in German and Spanish, and two were gifted with the Greek language.

Fishes With Four Eyes.

Fishes have been discovered in Guatemala with two pairs of eyes. One pair does duty above water and the other below, the fish thus being able to see equally well in two elements.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance: Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A blue garden, every plant bearing blue flowers, has been laid out at South Lytchett Manor, Dorsetshire, England, the residence of Sir Elliott Lees.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle

Drove Josef to Tears.

Josef Hofman, the pianist, once composed a couple of pieces in a dream. His father found him in tears in the morning because, on sitting down at the piano, he found he had forgotten the better composition of the two.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days.

Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

A Traveling Knife.

Truly ingenious is the device which cleans the pipe lines that carry crude petroleum. As the oil passes through the conduits paraffin incrusts the sides of the pipes, and proves a serious hindrance to the free passage of the oil. The device used to remedy this evil is a knife about two feet in length, with a sharp edge, constructed like the thread of a screw; indeed the knife resembles a huge, headless screw. It is slightly smaller than the pipe through which it is to pass. When the crust of paraffin renders a cleansing necessary, this instrument is inserted in the pipe. The pressure of the stream of oil drives it forward, revolving rapidly as it hurries along, and scrapes the channels clean, finally dropping into the receiving tank.

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"Since the year 1894 I have been troubled with a very bad case of eczema which I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to cure, and I went to the hospital, but they failed to cure me, and it was getting worse all the time. Five weeks ago my wife bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap, and I am pleased to say that I am now completely cured and well. It was impossible for me to get employment, as my face, head and body were covered with it. The eczema first appeared on the top of my head, and it had worked all the way around down the back of my neck and around to my throat, down my body and around the hips. It itched so I would be obliged to scratch it, and the flesh was raw. I am now all well, and I will be pleased to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to all persons who wish a speedy and permanent cure of skin diseases. Thomas M. Rossiter, 290 Prospect Street, East Orange, N. J. Mar. 30, 1905."

English Shipbuilders Busy.

The activity in shipbuilding in England is now greatly reducing the number of unemployed in the shipbuilding industries. A year ago there were above 11 per cent unemployed. Now, by a board of trade report, it is shown that the unemployed are brought down to about 5 per cent.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The daily production of woolen hats in the town of Monza, Italy, is about 150,000. There are 14 factories with 7,000 employes.

Coal Tar for Roads.

The French have found coal tar better than crude petroleum (and cheaper) as a top dressing for country roads. "Unlike oil," says Consul General Mason, "it hardens when exposed in a thin layer to the action of the air, covering the surface of the road with a practically air and watertight skin."

Jews Moving to Jerusalem.

It is reported that more than 100 Jewish families move into Jerusalem every week. Though most of them are very poor, yet they find means to make a scanty living. Jerusalem is rapidly becoming once more a Jewish city.

Cycling at High Speed.

One of the discoveries made during the calculation of the force exerted by cyclists, is that at high speed the work in covering a specified distance is that of a man runing the same distance.

The use of typewriters is becoming general in Spain. The German machines are being actively pushed, but the American, though more expensive are preferred.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 Days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

P. N. U. 51, 1906.

WINCHESTER

Smokeless Powder Shells
"LEADER" and "REPEATER"

The superiority of Winchester Smokeless Powder Shells is undisputed. Among intelligent shooters they stand first in popularity, records and shooting qualities. Always use them

For Field or Trap Shooting.

Ask Your Dealer For Them.

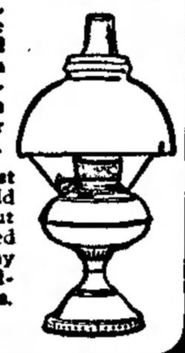
Have You A Cold Room?

In most houses there is a room without proper heating facilities—to say nothing of chilly hallways. Even though the heat of your stoves or furnace should be inadequate to warm the whole house there need not be one cold spot if you have a

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

It will heat a room in no time and will *keep* it warm and cozy. Operated as easily as a lamp and perfectly safe. Wick cannot be turned too high or too low. Gives no smoke or smell because fitted with unique smokeless device. Can be carried about, which cannot be done with an ordinary stove. The Perfection Oil Heater is superior to all other oil heaters and is an ornament to any home. Made in two finishes—nickel and japan. Brass oil fount beautifully embossed. Holds four quarts of oil and burns nine hours. Every heater warranted. If not at your dealer's write nearest agency for descriptive circular.



THE **Rayo Lamp** is the safest and best all-round household lamp. Made of brass throughout and nickel-plated. Equipped with latest improved burner. Every lamp warranted. An ornament to any room whether library, dining-room, parlor or bedroom. Write to nearest agency if not at your dealer's.

ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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THE MONESSEN DAILY INDEPENDENT.

Published Every Day Except Sundays and Holidays by the

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THE people of Monessen had a Christmas present handed to them yesterday. The Peoples' Natural Gas Co., supplying fuel for the town, has raised the price of gas from 22 to 27 cents per thousand. No cause assigned for the upward tendency. It just went up, that's all. Let's all take off our hats to the meter and say, "Waits me around again, Willie."

TWELVE pages today and all for one cent. The Daily never falters nor falls back.

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Give him a nice Smoking Set. Let us show you at Kirk's.

Visit Brown's Jewelry Store before selecting Xmas presents.

Go to the Arcade 532 Donner avenue for Christmas toys.

Dr. Borben, Dentist —Flexible Suction plate and extraction $10.00.

Artistic, Attractive Military Brushes. Let us show you at Kirk's.

Our prices are right. Our goods the best. Large selection. Brown, Reliable Jeweler.

Writing Paper in Xmas Boxes, 25c value for 10c. Litzinger's Pharmacy 24 Schoonmaker avenue. tf

Wright's and Palmer's Perfume, at Beck s.

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Fancy wreathes, ground pine, laural, holly, and mistletoe for Xmas. decorations at Hibbs. 965 Schoonmaker avenue. 50 4t

A Manicure Set will please her. Let us show you at Kirk's.

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Cigars make an appropriate gift Let us show you a Kirk's.

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The latest in Toilet Sets. Let us show you at Kirk's.

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We are still pleasing the people by fitting their eyes properly with glasses—Brown, the Jeweler.

Card Cases, Bill Books, Pocket Books and Hand Bags. Let us show you at Kirk's.

Post Card and Kodak Album's, at Beck's.

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Shaving Sets and Safety Razors. Let us show you at Kirk's.

The finest line of Xmas. trees in town at E. L. Hibbs and Co., 50 4t

Your Boy wants a Kodak Box. Contains everything needed for making Photos. $4.00, only at Beck's.

Candy and Candy boxes for Christmas Treat's, at bottom prices, at the Arcade.

Elegant X-mas candy in 1 to 3 pound packages. Get it at Kirk's.

THE LAST CALL

FALL IN LINE

We extend you a Cordial Christmas Greeting.

The Holiday Spirit is in the air, and we are ready to help you to solve the problem of what to buy for Xmas Our assortment of Holiday Goods you will find JUST RIGHT. Remember the fable of the Eleventh Hour Shopper.

If you are in a quandry as to what to buy as a Xmas. Gift you will always be on the safe side if you choose something in the line of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry Silverware, Bric-a-brac, etc. We have a most elegant stock of such goods, especially suitable for gifts. Our stock of Diamonds is larger this Christmas than ever. Our stock of Watches cannot be surpassed in the valley. It you are going to buy a diamond or a watch don't fail to inspect our line. We know we can please you both in price and quality. Our line of goods are up-to-date in every respect. Our name is your guarantee. We would rather loose a sale than misrepresent our goods.

Store open every night till Christmas

LOOK AT OUR WINDOW DISPLAY

B. E. BROWN,

Monessen's Reliable and Leading Jeweler.

ENGRAVING FREE.

The delights of Photography is in every home where there's a Kodak. Get your boy and girl a Kodak. Only at Beck's.

Christmas trees all sizes at E. L. Hibbs and Co, 50 4t

McKenney's are every day receiving orders for high grade jewels for Christmas presents. Order early, pay a little now, and pay the balance as it suits, a little each month.

Candy, Candy, Candy, X-mas Candy. Get it at Kirk's.

FOR RENT— Two rooms suitable for light house keeping. Apply at Independent office. 3 T

The People's National Bank

560 Donner Ave,. MONESSEN, PA.

GEORGE NASH, Pres. JESSE HANCOCK, Cashier.
JOHN IRONS, Vice Pres. JOHN S. DUVALL, Ass't Cashier.

The Officers of this Bank Request a Personal Interview with Any One Who Desires Information As to The Banks Methods or Terms.

GO TO THE NEW **POOL PARLOR** To Spend a Pleasant Evening

The best of equipment. Everything new and up-to-date.
Drop in and try our new tables.
FRAZIER BROTHERS, Proprietors,
Next door to Kilroy's Hotel, Donner Ave.

LEVY'S

Christmas Gifts at Cut Prices.

Last chance to buy these big bargains—our entire stock of Men's, Boys and Children's Overcoats, Suits and Furnishing Goods at reduced prices. Prices so low that you cannot afford to stay away from this sale. Buy now while stocks are large and sizes are still unbroken. Here are big offerings. All desirable as Christmas gifts.

Men's Suits and Overcoats, $20 values, Cut Price Sale at **$15.00**

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Men's Suits and Overcoats, $15 values, Cut Price Sale at **$11.00**

Men's Suits and Overcoats, $12 values, Cut Price Sale **$8.50**

Men's Suits and Overcoats, $10 values, Cut Price Sale **$7.00**

Young Men's Suits and Overcoats, $15 values, Cut Price Sale **$11.00**

Young Men's Suits and Overcoats, $12 values, Cut Price Sale **$8.50**

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Knee Suits and Overcoats, ages 9 to 16, $4 values, cut price sale **$2.50**
Knee Suits and Overcoats, aged 9 to 16, $3 values, cut sale price **$1.75**
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6.50 values **$5.50**
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1.50 values at **1.13**
1.00 fancies and blacks **75c**

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Neckwear.

50c kind, in endless variety 39c
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Cooper's Cotton Rib, all colors, Wool, all colors, also Wool and Cotton Union Suits, suit, value $2 **1.60**

Cotton Rib---any color
Fleece lined---any color
Values $1 Suit SUIT **80c**

Handkerchiefs

Linen or silk, with or without initial, 50c values, 39c
Linen, with or without initial, 25c kind 19c
Plain or fancy, 15c kind 10c
10c Handkerchiefs 5c

A Treat for the Feet—Hose

Wool, 50c kind 39c
Wool, 25c kind 19c
Part Wool, 15c kind 10c
Cotton, 25c kind 19c
Cotton, 15c kind 10c

Suspenders

1 00 kind 75c
50c kind 39c
25c kind 19c

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JOHN IRONS, Vice Pres. JOHN S. DUVALL, Ass't Cashier.

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The best of equipment. Everything new and up-to-date.
Drop in and try our new tables.

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Cotton Rib---any color
Fleece lined---any color
Values $1 Suit SUIT **80c**

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Linen or silk, with or without initial, 50 c values,	39c
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Plain or fancy, 15c kind	10c
10c Handkerchiefs	5c

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10 Per Cent. Off Till Christmas.

Christmas Jewelry.

WE are splendidly equipped to supply the wants of the Holiday Shoppers who are beginning to make up their Christmas lists and wish to gain some idea of just what things they can buy for a certain sum of money. If you could just see how nice our line of Christmas Jewelry and Novelties is, then take into consideration the fact that we are offering a ***10 Per Cent. Discount*** from now on until Christmas, you would not wonder why so many people are doing their Holiday buying at our store. For lades, take your pick of a superb line of gold chains, lockets bracelets, rings, Combs Signet rings, brooches, ear rings, buckles, waist sets, crosses, gold, silver and enamel cases, watches in dainty designs. We have an unusually large stock from which to select a present for father or brother, cuff links, scarf pins, studs, gold chains, fobs; in fact thereare too manv articles to mention. We are also showing quite a complete and pretty lineof toilet and manicure sets, statutary and bricabrac, albums. silverware, the famousR dgers kind, leather goods, musical instruments. We invite you to call and look overour line and be sure to make your selections early. They will be laid away until Christmas if you so wish.

Remember that every dollar spent at our store means a big saving. From now until Christmas we offer as a special inducement to Holiday Shoppers a 10 per cent. discount. REMEMBER THE PLACE.

H. PORTER, Donner Avenue.

Just received a beautiful line of Umbrellas for ladies and gents which we are selling at unusually low prices : : : : :

Remarkable Showing of Christmas Novelties Appropriate for Gift Purposes.

A line which for its completeness will both please and surprise you. It embraces innumerable pretty articles which will make suitable and acceptable presents. Our prices will make your dollar do almost double duty.

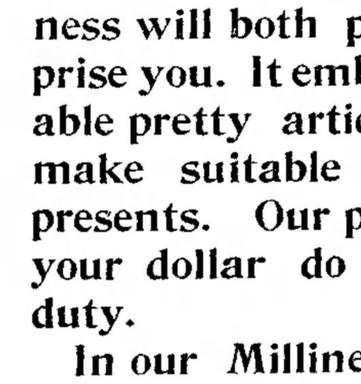
In our Millinery Department every hat has been subjected to a sweeping holiday reduction.

Special display of Doll hats.

On Wednesday we will have ready for your inspection a pretty display of Doll hats which are sure to delight the hearts of the little ones.

Come in and see.

CORRIGAN SISTERS, DONNER AVENUE.



GLASSES

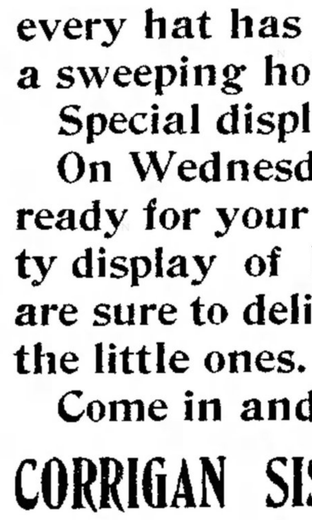
Will make d good

Xmas. Present.

We will examine your eyes free of charge and guarantee satisfaction.

B. E. BROWN,

Reliable Jeweler and Optician.



New Establishment and Practical Tailor.

When he takes Christmas Orders for fine suitings and overaoats will receive especial attention, and should be given as early as possible to insure prompt delivery. Our line of fabrics was never better than now, and our patrons can depend upon receiving garments that for fit, style, durability and fine finish will be unsurpassed in elegance and beauty Suits made from $24 and up.

John W. Smith.

352 Donner Avenue.

Buy Your FEED From J. H. Farquhar

and save money. He makes a specialty of

HAY, GRAIN & MILL FEED

of all kinds Consignments in car lots saves freight, and customers get benefit

Donner Avenue, Monessen

ELMER LEHTO

SUCCESSOR TO M. P. TRAVERS

Plumbing and Gas Fitting.

We solicit your patronage and guarantee work.

Fourth Street.

Thursday, Dec. 20, 1906.

B. & B.

christmas specials

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JOSEPH HORNE CO.

Penn Ave. and Fifth St. | Pittsburgh, Pa.

NOTE—Those who give New Year's Gifts, or have yet to purchase a belated Christmas gift, please note that the day after Christmas we reduce the price of all holiday goods; some will be sold for a fourth less, some for a third less and some for exactly half off, depending upon the condition and class of goods.

Our January Sale of Undermuslins Begins Dec. 26th

This is an event for which preparations are made months previous to its occurrence. Our orders are given for large quantities of the various lines, thus enabling us to secure and make lower prices than at any other time during the year.

4288—Chemise Style Nightgowns of cambric, trimmed with hemstitched ruffle,, ribboning and ribbon. 50c.

4299—Open front square neck cambric gown, yoke formed of wide Hamburg insertion and four rows of wide hemstitched tucks. 75c.

2178—Low neck French full front corset cover, one piece back, trimmed with torchon lace around neck and arm scye. Draw string at waist. 18c.

7156—Cambric corset cover — low round front, trimmed with four rows of torchon lace between bands of lawn—lace edging at neck and arm scyes. 25c.

4287—Skirt length Chemises of nainsook—low round front—three rows of Val lace insertion between rows of beading—finished with lace edging and beading—lace on bottom of skirt. 85c.

1700—Drawers of muslin—umbrella ruffle with five pin tucks and one large tuck finished with hemstitched edge. 25c.

6093—Skirt of cambric made with deep umbrella flounce finished with lawn ruffle containing three tucks Extra dust ruffle 50

Christmas Delicacies

and food products are the most prominent features of the holiday season. Our lines of these goods, because of their purity, flavor and high merits, should form the most prominent feature of your table supplies. The brands we carry have been thoroughly tested and we can fully guarantee them to be the finest and most reliable.

Before completing your Christmas shopping call and examine our line of goods.

Peter Amann

Donner Avenue

A fine place to spend an afternoon or evening is

THE CAPITOL,

Donner Avenue.

Billiards, Bowling Parlor, fine stock of cigars and even a fine shoe shine. Come in, Ezerybody welcome.

Jos. J. Buser, Manager.

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We say the ***BARRY SHOE*** is the best shoe made for men and you will say the same after you have worn a pair. They come in all styles, all leathers and sell at from ***$3.50 to $4.00*** for dull leathers to ***$4 and $5*** for patents.

One of the snappy Holiday styles is here produced.

Then for the ladies and children we have one of the dandiest and prettiest lines of Xmas Slippers we have ever shown. Come in and look them over. There is a wide range of styles and prices and a more suitable or acceptable gift for Xmas, could not be purchased. See our windows.

WILSON & GRABLE,

DONNER AVENUE

IF YOU NEED

Lumber; Hardware. Glass, Paint, Sand, Gravel, Cement, Roofing or anything in the Building Line, you need our kind.

We can save you money.

Try us.

THE PEOPLES LUMBER CO.

THE BEST LINE OF

TOYS. FANCY GOODS, NOVELTIES. DRESS GOODS. SHIRTWAIST GOODS, FLANELETTES

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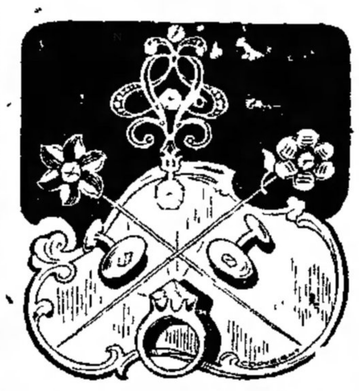

10 Per Cent. Off Till Christmas.

Christmas Jewelry.

WE are splendidly equipped to supply the wants of the Holiday Shoppers who are beginning to make up their Christmas lists and wish to gain some idea of just what things they can buy for a certain sum of money. If you could just see how nice our line of Christmas Jewelry and Novelties is, then take into consideration the fact that we are offering a ***10 Per Cent. Discount*** from now on until Christmas, you would not wonder why so many people are doing their Holiday buying at our store. For lades, take your pick of a superb line of gold chains, lockets bracelets, rings, Combs Signet rings, brooches, ear rings, buckles, waist sets, crosses, gold, silver and enamel cases, watches in dainty designs. We have an unusually large stock from which to select a present for father or brother, cuff links, scarf pins, studs, gold chains, fobs; in fact thereare too manv articles to mention. We are also showing quite a complete and pretty lineof toilet and manicure sets, statutary and bricabrac, albums, silverware, the famousR dgers kind, leather goods, musical instruments. We invite you to call and look overour line and be sure to make your selections early. They will be laid away until Christmas if you so wish.

Remember that every dollar spent at our store means a big saving. From now until Christmas we offer as a special inducement to Holiday Shoppers a 10 per cent. discount. REMEMBER THE PLACE.

H. PORTER, Donner Avenue.

Just received a beautiful line of Umbrellas for ladies and gents which we are selling at unusually low prices : : : : :

Remarkable Showing of Christmas Novelties Appropriate for Gift Purposes.

A line which for its completeness will both please and surprise you. It embraces innumerable pretty articles which will make suitable and acceptable presents. Our prices will make your dollar do almost double duty.

In our Millinery Department every hat has been subjected to a sweeping holiday reduction.

Special display of Doll hats.

On Wednesday we will have ready for your inspection a pretty display of Doll hats which are sure to delight the hearts of the little ones.

Come in and see.

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SONG OF SOULS THAT FAILED.

We come from the war-swept valleys,
  Where the strong ranks clash in might,
Where the broken rear guard rallies
  For its last and losing fight;
From the roaring streets and highways,
  Where the mad crowds move abreast,
We come to the wooded byways,
  To cover our grief, and rest.

Not ours the ban of the coward,
  Not ours is the idler's shame;
If we sink at last, o'erpowered,
  Will ye whelm us with scorn or blame?
We have seen the goal and have striven
  As they strive who win or die;
We were burdened and harshly driven,
  And the swift feet passed us by.

When we hear the plaudits' thunder,
  And we thrill to the victor's shout,
We envy them not, nor wonder
  At the fate that cast us out;
For we heed one music only,
  The sweet, far voice that calls
To the dauntless soul and lonely
  Who fights to the end and falls.

We come—outworn and weary—
  The unmanned hosts of life;
Long was our search and dreary,
  Fruitless and long our strife.
Out from the dust and the riot—
  From the lost, yet glorious quest,
We come to the vales of quiet,
  To cover our grief, and rest.

—Marion Couthouy Smith, in McClure's Magazine.

HIS PROMOTION.

By W. R. ROSE.

The girl had an impetuous way of emphasizing her remarks. "You are much too young for a guardian," she said to the young man, and voice and foot and head added emphasis to the statement.

The young man smiled.

"My youthfulness is an offense that I cannot immediately correct," he said. "Give me time. I'll try to live it down."

The girl frowned. "You seem to delight in treating the subject flippantly," she said. "Don't you think I'm old enough to choose my own guardian?"

He smiled. He seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of good nature.

"I would prefer not to answer that question," he said. "In the eye of the law you are still an infant."

"An infant!" she echoed. "Well, I fancy I'm a pretty lively infant. I'm the sort of infant that knows enough to claim its rights. It's money I'm clamoring for just now."

"Yes. At the same time I think your allowance is quite large enough. It is the amount fixed by your father, and I do not feel justified in raising it."

The girl pouted.

"Well, I can't make it go round."

"But do you try?"

"Of course I do."

"You mean you think you do." His quick eyes rested on the girl's hat lying on the table. "Here's a little object lesson," he said, as he picked up the hat. "You bought this hat at Mme. Filbert's last Tuesday. You paid $46 for it."

The girl stared at him.

"How do you know?" she cried.

"A guardian must know many things. Very indiscreetly you told who you were as soon as you entered the shop. You are known to be an heiress. This immediately advanced the price of any hat you might select."

"I don't believe it."

"It is quite true. You finally picked out this hat. Madame condescended to let you have it for $46. The real price was $25."

"Impossible! How can you know this?"

"One of the saleswomen in the place is the sister of one of the young men in my office. She told him how the girls laughed over madame's cleverness after you left the shop. The young man thought I would be interested in the story."

"It's a shame!" cried the girl. "Ill never go there again!"

"Certainly not," said the young man. He eyed the hat critically. "Besides, it isn't the style of hat that becomes you. There's too much droop to the brim here. It hides your face too much, and gives you a rakish air."

She stared at him again.

"Are guardians expected to know all that, too?" she asked.

"This guardian is simply trying to do his duty," the young man replied.

There was a little silence.

"I'll have that hat retrimmed," said the girl.

"Good," cried the guardian.

"And you'll let me have $50?"

He laughed and shook his head.

"I don't suppose it would be polite for me to say that you are the stingiest guardian I have ever had," she said.

He smiled at her accusation.

"I can't help it," he answered. "I would rather have your good opinion, of course, but I'm trying to do what your father expected me to do."

She came to him and put out her hand.

"You must forgive me, George," she said in her quick way. "I wouldn't wound your feelings for the world. Will you forgive me?"

"Why, of course, Ethel."

Her face beamed.

"George," she cried, "if you were only twenty years older I would kiss you."

He drew his breath sharply.

"Come, come," he said, "remember that you are no longer a child. How old are you your next birthday?"

"You know that, too. It's next Wednesday."

He nodded. "I may have a little surprise for you," he said, "if you are real good."

"I make no promises," she answered. "Perhaps I'll have a surprise for you, too."

He looked at her sharply. "You haven't been falling in love, have you?" he asked.

She tossed her head airily. "And what if I have?"

"Well, it's a guardian's business to know something about the man. At least, the gaurdian should be consulted."

She tossed her head again.

"Have you ever thought that I might—might want to marry—to marry?"

He started a little.

"Then there is somebody?"

"I—I am not quite sure."

"Is it Douglas Gaines?"

"Why do you mention him?"

"He has seemed to like your society. Other people have noticed it. His father is my law partner, you know, and he has spoken to me about this attachment, as he calls it. He told me yesterday that it would please him greatly if you favored his son—and he asked me to use any influence I could bring to bear. I do not regard it as any breach of confidence to tell you this."

The girl looked up at him inquiringly.

"And do you approve, George?"

He hesitated a little.

"Douglass comes of an excellent family. I greatly esteem his father. As far as I know the boy has a good reputation. He is a little too boyish for his years, perhaps, but that isn't a serious fault."

"And you would interpose no objection?"

"Not if you loved him."

She was silent a moment. Then she smiled.

"You mustn't forget that Wednesday is my birthday, and you are to take supper with me here. There is to be an exchange of surprises, you know."

"I remember," he said. "I will come. Good-by."

As he went down the front steps the girl called to him.

"George," she cried, "if you see Douglass at the office tell him I'd like to see him, please."

As he walked away the young man's face clouded.

"When John Lamberton urged me to be the guardian of his child he didn't know that he was asking me to play with fire," he muttered. "Every day she grows more charming, every time I see her my peace of mind is freshly shattered. But Douglass—oh, well, it will have to be all right if she fancies him. There is one thing certain—I must give up this guardianship."

As for the girl, she lingered a moment in the doorway looking after her guardian's departing figure.

"Poor George," she murmured. "But he's too silly to deserve any pity. As if I couldn't see that he loves me so much that he's actually afraid of me. And all that pretense about lecturing me for my extravagance! Why, he's as transparent as glass. Poor George!"

That afternoon Ethel Lamberton had a caller, a chubby-faced youth with clothes of extreme cut and a hat with a parti-colored band. It was young Douglass Gaines, and young Gaines looked a little worried.

"Hullo, Ethel," he said.

"How do you do? Mr. Edgar gave you my message?"

"Yes, I—I was afraid it might be something serious."

"It may prove serious," said the girl.

He looked at her helplessly.

"You haven't seen dad, have you?"

"No."

"Maybe you know what he wants?"

"Maybe I do."

"Then you know he wants me to marry you?"

"I have heard something of the kind."

He looked still more helpless.

"You do not look pleased," said the girl.

There seemed to be a lump in the young man's throat. "Are you pleased?" he stammered.

"That isn't fair," said the girl. "I mustn't show my feeling until—well, until you make yourself more definite. Are you pleased?"

"No," he blurted out. Then he mustered all his courage. "I like you first rate, Ethel. You're a jolly girl all right. B-but I don't like you in the way—well, in the way father wants me to like you."

The girl frowned.

"That isn't flattering, Douglass. Your father—"

He interrupted her.

"You know my father wants you in the family? It's your money he wants."

The young man drew a long breath.

"I wish some I knew had a little money. Enough at least to impress father."

The girl shook her head at him.

"Then I have a hated rival?"

"N-not a rival, Ethel. She is very fond of you. She thinks you're a wonderful girl."

"Then I know her?"

"Yes."

"Is it Emily Robbins?"

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"Never mind. And you prefer Emily Robbins to me?"

"Yes. You don't care very much, do you?"

"And you want to marry Emily?"

"Of course."

"Does Emily know?"

"She knows. It's all right—except for dad."

"Suppose I bring a little influence to bear on your father?"

"Can you—will you?"

"Would it do any good to have George Edgar talk to him?"

"Of course it would. He's the very man. Whatever George Edgar says always goes with dad. There isn't a finer fellow on earth than George. You ought to hear what they say about him in college. He was the great half-back of his year, you know. But he wouldn't speak to dad, would he?"

The girl smiled.

"I am quite sure he will if I ask him."

"Fine. We'd like to be married in June if it's all right."

It was a dainty little birthday dinner to which the girl invited her guardian, and the guardian looked at the arrangement of the table with surprise as well as appreciation.

"Am I the only guest?" he asked.

"The one and only," she answered. "We couldn't expose our little surprises to outsiders, you know."

She had never looked more charming. The womanly side to her character seemed to him suddenly developed. She was no longer a child.

He had never enjoyed a dinner as he enjoyed that one. Yet he knew it must be the last. And when it was ended he felt that he time had come for him to tell her of his resolve, and to take himself out of her life forever. Then—

"That was a mistake about Douglass," she said

"A mistake?"

"Yes. I sent for him, you know, and when he came he told me he didn't care for me."

"Douglass told you he didn't care for you?"

"Yes. He likes some one else much better. It's Emily Robbins. And you are to speak to Douglass' father about her and use your best influence to help them."

He drew himself up a little stiffly. "I'd rather not," he said.

"I promised you would," murmured the girl.

He drew a quick breath. "Then I will," he said.

"Douglass will be very grateful," said the girl, "and so will Emily—and so will I."

He fumbled in an inner pocket and brought forth a letter.

"Here is my surprise, Ethel," he said. "It's my resignation as your guardian. Your father made this optional with me. If on your twentieth birthday I deemed it wise to give you full possession of your property, I could do so. This was the finest birthday remembrance I could bring you—your freedom."

The girl slowly smiled.

"I don't notice that this sudden accession of liberty makes any difference in my feelings," she said. "But you mean it well, of course, and I thank you." Her clear eyes regarded him steadily. "George Edgar," she slowly added, "I begin to realize how much I owe to you, how faithful and lovingly you have served me. But you deserve something better than mere thanks." She hesitated a little, then bravely continued. "It seems to me that you deserve a—promotion."

"A promotion, Ethel? What does that mean?"

She flushed a little.

"You know what promotion means, dear friend. If there is in my service any higher office than that of guardian I think you deserve it."

Then he seemed to dimly comprehend her meaning. He leaned forward. His voice trembled when he spoke.

"Ethel," he slowly said, "what was that surprise you promised to give me to-day?"

She suddenly put out her hand to him.

"Myself," she softly answered.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Children's Shoe Trees.

Boot trees are a comparatively recent addition to the requirements of the average American man or woman and are one of the many little signs of the luxury of the times, for the average New Yorker who makes any pretensions to being well groomed has a pair of trees for every pair of boots and shoes. Just to make this luxury a little more insistent, they have taken to making trees for children's shoes now, and the cost to mothers who think it necessary for their children to have such things is just as much for a pair to fit a No. 6 child's size as for a pair to fit a man's No. 10's.—New York World.

Five-Ton Nests.

The largest birds' nests are to be found in Australia. The Australian jungle fowl build for nests great mounds, fifteen feet in height and 125 or 150 feet in circumference. Grass, leaves and other vegetable matter are used in the construction of the nests, which easily weigh a ton.

The Australian brush turkeys, working in colonies, build pyramidal nests even larger. One of these nests, on being removed, filled seven carts, and its total weight was five tons.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

For Safety.

A traveler passing through a small country town noticed a post on which was marked the height to which the river had risen during a recent flood.

"Do you mean to say," he asked a native, "that the river rose as high as that in 19—?"

"Oh, no," replied the native, "but the village children used to rub off the original mark, so the mayor ordered it to be put higher up, so as to be out of their reach."—Tit-Bits.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

HOW HE SAVED HIS GOLD.

J. V. Dusenberry was one of the victims of the Yosemite bandit who held up the passengers of five valley stages in one continuous performance.

Dusenberry lost only sixty cents, but on his person when the highwayman searched him were ten twenty-dollar gold pieces and a gold watch and chain.

Dusenberry had left the stage shortly before it reached the bandit's ambush. He was following slowly behind, gathering wild flowers and intending to take a cross country path later on and head off the stage, which was obliged to follow the tortuous road.

The highway man stopped the five stages one after the other. As he stopped one he ordered the driver to pull off the road in such a way as to conceal the coach and horses from the stage following. The passengers he lined up behind a clump of trees. Dusenberry, ignorant of the excitement ahead, was dawdling along enjoying the beauties of nature and adding blosson by blosson to the bunch of wild flowers in his hand.

He turned a sharp bend in the road and found himself looking into the barrel of a rifle. Behind the rifle was a tall, stooping figure with head, face and neck swathed in cloth. Through one of the crevices in the face covering gleamed an eye.

"Hands up!" came in a quiet tone of voice from another crevice.

"Now, stand at the head of that line," continued the voice.

The highwayman then resumed the operation of stripping the passengers of their wealth which Dusenberry's unexpected appearance had interrupted.

Instead of standing at the head of the line, however, relates the San Francisco Chronicle, Dusenberry sauntered down to the other end and joined those who already had been robbed. Behind the friendly shelter of an old lady's parasol Dusenberry made a rearrangement of his personal property. The $200, part of which belonged to a fellow traveler, and the watch and chain he dropped inside the waistband of his pantaloons and a sudden chill around the ankles told him of the safe arrival in his socks of his valuables.

It was not until all the passengers had been ordered back into the stages that the bandit remembered Dusenberry. He found the passenger agent and demanded his money. Dusenberry gave up the sixty cents and a knife.

"Better let me keep the knife," said Dusenberry. "If you take it it might cut friendship."

The knife was returned, and after sounding the outside of Dusenberry's pockets for more coin, the highwayman told him to "chase himself."

While standing in line many of the passengers, says Dusenberry, threw their valuables into the brush. They returned later to find them them gone. They had been picked up, however, by the detectives who took the bandit's trail, and were restored subsequently to the owners.

The highwayman opened the Wells Fargo box, but refrained from taking the $50 he discovered there. His modesty, he explained, was due to a dislike to interesting the express company in his capture for so small a sum. He borrowed Dusenberry's linen duster, spread it on the ground and on it laid all the loot he did not want. He turned this bundle over to one of the passengers for distribution later to the owners.

"He was very cool," said Dusenberry, "but took no chances, either of surprise or subsequent identification. The mask he wore hid even his hair and disguised the shape of his head. He wore a loose-fitting suit and his feet were swathed in gunnysacks. The detectives found that after we had left the fellow had discarded his mask and the loose-fitting clothes and burned them. He was a tall man, but maintained a crouching position, and I do not suppose any who saw him could guess his height within a couple of inches. In the valley nobody seems to think there is much chance of capturing him."

BATTLES WITH RHINOCEROSES.

Mr. William Cotton Oswell, who made his second expedition into the interior of Southern Africa in 1847, had two terrible experiences with rhinoceroses. His son, in the lately published biography of his distinguished father, records these adventures.

He had one pre-eminently good horse, Stael, the very pick of all he ever had in Africa, fast and most sweet-tempered, and so fearless that he would, without whip or spur or any urging, carry his master right up to a lion and stand perfectly motionless within a few feet of the brute while Mr. Oswell fired.

Returning to camp one evening on Stael, he fired both barrels of his rifle at a white rhinoceros. Instead of dropping or bolting, it began to walk toward the smoke.

Oswell turned his horse, only to find a thick bush was against its chest. Before he could tell it the rhinoceros drove its horn in under the flank, and threw horse and rider into the air with such terrific force that the point of the horn pierced the saddle.

Oswell scalped his head for a space four inches in length and in breadth. He scrambled to his knees, and saw the horn actually within the bend of his leg. With the energy of self-preservation he sprang to his feet, but after tottering a step or two tripped and came to the ground. The rhinoceros passed within a foot without hurting him.

As he rose for the second time his after-rider came up with another gun. Half pulling him from his horse, Oswell mounted it and galloped after and caught the rhinoceros. Keeping back the piece of scalp with his left hand, he held the gun to his shoulder with his right and shot the brute dead.

On the return journey to the Cape he met with the most serious accident of his life. Stalking two rhinoceroses, he was lying flat when they came within twenty yards of him. The nearer of the two came near stepping on him. Hoping that his sudden appearance from the ground would startle her and so give him a chance of escape, he sprang up and dashed alongside of her to get in the rear, his hand being on her as he passed.

She immediately gave chase. A quick turn saved him for the moment; the race was over in the next. As the horned snout came lapping round his thigh he rested the gun on the long head, and, still running, fired both barrels; but with the smoke he found himself sailing through the air, and it was not until three hours later that he recovered consciousness, to find a deep gash in his thigh eight inches long, down to the bone in all its length.

For nearly four weeks, unable to get to the wagons, he made his bed under a bush.

PURSUED BY WOLVES.

Samuel Johnson, an Indianapolis man, eighty-three years old, who was one of the most enthusiastic old settlers at the recent reunion at White City, tells of an experience with wolves on Buck Creek that nearly ended disastrously for him.

"I was out on a hunting trip about twelve miles from Indianapolis on Buck Creek," said Mr. Johnson. "There were thick woods all around that part of the country and few people near. I was living in a house made of logs in the midst of the woods and a fine place for wolves. I never thought much about the danger, though, and used to go many miles away on a hunting expedition without seeing a wolf or thinking about one.

One day I went on a trip and stayed out a little later than usual. It was getting dark and as I got near home the air was cold, and if wolves ever are hungry they would have been hungry that night. I hurried along trying to get in the house before night, and I began to wonder if there were any wolves near.

"I happened to look back and saw a big patch of black moving toward me. I hurried faster and just got inside the door when the pack reached the house. I barred the door and kept clear out of sight, but on the outside I could hear the animals howling and scratching around. They must have stayed an hour or more, but I did not try to shoot them and I think they lost the scent of me. Anyway, they turned suddenly and ran off down the road, and I never saw them after that time."—Indianapolis Star.

THE PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

The story is told of how a neatly constructed cipher saved Sir John Trevanion's life. This cavalier was taken prisoner and locked up in Colchester Castle to await his execution. On the second day of his confinement the jailer brought him a letter which as far as the warder of the castle could discover was merely a note of condolence from a friend. But the letter had been concocted on a cipher to which Sir John had the clew. Every third letter after a punctuation mark of any kind was to tell. What he made out was: "Panel at east end of chapel slides." On the following evening the prisoner begged permission to pass a quiet hour in prayer in the chapel. The request was granted, and before the hour had passed the panel had done its work and the bird had flown.—Boston Post Magazine.

SHOT INVITED BEAR RACE.

There was something doing near Appollonia, Wis., when Elmer Hill went partridge hunting. Elmer struck a nice place in the brush and started up a bird, which got away, but he shot at the second to fly up. Elmer missed the bird, but hit something else. A big black bear had been peppered, and Elmer and the bear had a merry race. The bear caught Hill and wounded him five times with his claws, Hill's only defense being a hunting knife, as he threw away his shotgun in the race. Hill was exhausted by the time help beat off the bear.—Philadelphia Record.

A PLUCKY RUSE.

A man hopelessly lost in the bush in South Australia, after wandering about for four days, came across the telegraph line between Adelaide and Port Darwin. He had not the strength to go farther, but managed to climb a pole and cut the wire. He then made himself as comfortable as possible and waited. The telegraph repairers were sent along the line, and they came to the wanderer just in time to save his life.—Kansas City Independent.

The Affairs of the Household

TO BLEACH HOUSE LINEN.

Handkerchiefs and towels may be bleached by washing them in the usual manner and then letting them stand over night in a solution of one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar to each quart of water.

CHILDREN'S DRY DOCK.

In a newly fitted nursery there is a mysterious trapdoor in the middle of the floor, which is ordinarily covered with a rug. Under the door there is a shallow tank which serves as a dry dock for the children's boats when they are not in use and as a pond on which to sail them at other times.

CLEANER FOR GUITARS.

An excellent cleaner for guitars, violins and other stringed musical instruments is made of one-third each of linseed oil, turpentine and water. These shaken together in a bottle form an emulsion or cream. Rub the instrument with a cloth dampened in the cream. Wipe dry and polish with a woolen cloth.

BEDROOM DECORATIONS.

A lovely bedroom which the decorator has just completed has its walls covered with one of the fabric papers of homespun effect in a soft color blend in which green predominates. For the frieze, a border of roses on a light background has been cut out on the lower side around the edges of the flowers, so that they fall irregularly onto the paper.

TO OPEN A BOILED LOBSTER.

Wipe off shell, break off large claws, separate tail from body, take body from shell, leaving stomach on shell. Put aside green fat and coral. Remove claws, remove woolly gills from the body, break latter through middle and pick out meats from joints. Crush or cut under side of tail, draw meat from shell, draw back flesh of upper and pull off intestinal cord. Break edges of large claws and remove meat.

TO CLEAN CHAMOIS GLOVES.

Make a lather with castile soap and warm water, with a tablespoonful of ammonia to each quart. When the water is tepid put the gloves in it. Let them soak for a quarter of an hour, then press them in your hands. Do not wring them. Rinse in clear, cold water with a little ammonia added. Press the gloves in a towel. Dry in the open air after previously blowing up to puff them out.

PATTERNS FOR SILVER.

The newest patterns in household silver are of old English pewter design, with angles and straight edges and no ornament other than, now and then, an etched sketch of a famous inn on one side. This silver is made of the unpolished metal beaten into shape with jewelers' tools. It goes excellently with the Mission and other severely plain furniture of the day. It comes in tea sets, little sugar and cream sets, knives, forks and spoons, loving cups, tankards and other dishes.

Cheese Entree—One slice of Roquefort cheese and butter size of walnut; mix thoroughly and make a thin paste with three or four tablespoonfuls of fruit juice. When of a good spreading consistency, spread it over slices of Russet, Northern Spy, or other tart apples and serve chilled.

Peanut Wafers—Half a cup of butter and a cup of sugar creamed together. Add half a cup of milk in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Then add slowly two cups of sifted flour, stirring until smooth. Spread the mixture thinly in a baking pan, sprinkle the top with rolled peanuts, bake a light brown.

Pickled Sheep's Tongue—Put the tongue in cold water for two or three hours; then drop them into boiling water and cook until tender. Have ready enough boiling vinegar to cover them, adding to each quart a teaspoonful of whole allspice, a teaspoonful of whole black pepper and a few cloves. Put the tongues into a jar, pour the vinegar over them and cover tightly.

Panned Tomatoes—Firm tomatoes are cut in half, the cut side floured, seasoned and laid downward in a little hot butter or dripping. A tight cover and the steam is confined and softens the upper side, and as soon as the floured side is browned each piece is laid on a hot platter. Flour sufficient to absorb the fat in the pan is dredged, then milk is added gradually to make a smooth gravy, which is seasoned and poured around the tomatoes.

Quick Cinnamon Bun—Rub one tablespoonful of lard into one quart of flour and add one teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir in quickly half a pint of milk. Roll out in a thin sheet, cover with a thick layer of sugar, another of currants, and then a sprinkling of cinnamon. Roll up and cut into buns about two inches long. Stand these on their ends in a greased pan and bake twenty-five minutes in a quick oven.

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SONG OF SOULS THAT FAILED.

We come from the war-swept valleys,
Where the strong ranks clash in might,
Where the broken rear guard rallies
For its last and losing fight;
From the roaring streets and highways,
Where the mad crowds move abreast,
We come to the wooded byways,
To cover our grief, and rest.

Not ours the ban of the coward,
Not ours is the idler's shame;
If we sink at last, o'erpowered,
Will ye whelm us with scorn or blame?
We have seen the goal and have striven
As they strive who win or die;
We were burdened and harshly driven,
And the swift feet passed us by.

When we hear the plaudits' thunder,
And we thrill to the victor's shout,
We envy them not, nor wonder
At the fate that cast us out;
For we heed one music only,
The sweet, far voice that calls
To the dauntless soul and lonely
Who fights to the end and falls.

We come—outworn and weary—
The unmanned hosts of life;
Long was our search and dreary,
Fruitless and long our strife.
Out from the dust and the riot—
From the lost, yet glorious quest,
We come to the vales of quiet,
To cover our grief, and rest.

—Marion Couthouy Smith, in McClure's Magazine.

HIS PROMOTION.

By W. R. ROSE.

The girl had an impetuous way of emphasizing her remarks. "You are much too young for a guardian," she said to the young man, and voice and foot and head added emphasis to the statement.

The young man smiled.

"My youthfulness is an offense that I cannot immediately correct," he said. "Give me time. I'll try to live it down."

The girl frowned. "You seem to delight in treating the subject flippantly," she said. "Don't you think I'm old enough to choose my own guardian?"

He smiled. He seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of good nature.

"I would prefer not to answer that question," he said. "In the eye of the law you are still an infant."

"An infant!" she echoed. "Well, I fancy I'm a pretty lively infant. I'm the sort of infant that knows enough to claim its rights. It's money I'm clamoring for just now."

"Yes. At the same time I think your allowance is quite large enough. It is the amount fixed by your father, and I do not feel justified in raising it."

The girl pouted.

"Well, I can't make it go round."

"But do you try?"

"Of course I do.'

"You mean you think you do." His quick eyes rested on the girl's hat lying on the table. "Here's a little object lesson," he said, as he picked up the hat. "You bought this hat at Mme. Filbert's last Tuesday. You paid $46 for it."

The girl stared at him.

"How do you know?" she cried.

"A guardian must know many things. Very indiscreetly you told who you were as soon as you entered the shop. You are known to be an heiress. This immediately advanced the price of any hat you might select."

"I don't believe it."

"It is quite true. You finally picked out this hat. Madame condescended to let you have it for $46. The real price was $25."

"Impossible! How can you know this?"

"One of the saleswomen in the place is the sister of one of the young men in my office. She told him how the girls laughed over madame's cleverness after you left the shop. The young man thought I would be interested in the story."

"It's a shame!" cried the girl "Ill never go there again!"

"Certainly not," said the young man. He eyed the hat critically. "Besides, it isn't the style of hat that becomes you. There's too much droop to the brim here. It hides your face too much, and gives you a rakish air."

She stared at him again.

"Are guardians expected to know all that, too?" she asked.

"This guardian is simply trying to do his duty," the young man replied.

There was a little silence.

"I'll have that hat retrimmed," said the girl.

"Good," cried the guardian.

"And you'll let me have $50?"

He laughed and shook his head.

"I don't suppose it would be polite for me to say that you are the stingiest guardian I have ever had," she said.

He smiled at her accusation.

"I can't help it," he answered. "I would rather have your good opinion, of course, but I'm trying to do what your father expected me to do"

She came to him and put out her hand.

"You must forgive me, George," she said in her quick way. "I wouldn't wound your feelings for the world. Will you forgive me?"

"Why, of course, Ethel."

Her face beamed.

"George," she cried, "if you were only twenty years older I would kiss you."

He drew his breath sharply.

"Come, come," he said, "remember that you are no longer a child. How old are you your next birthday?"

"You know that, too. It's next Wednesday."

He nodded. "I may have a little surprise for you," he said, "if you are real good."

"I make no promises," she answered. "Perhaps I'll have a surprise for you, too."

He looked at her sharply. "You haven't been falling in love, have you?" he asked.

She tossed her head airily. "And what if I have?"

"Well, it's a guardian's business to know something about the man. At least, the gaurdian should be consulted "

She tossed her head again.

"Have you ever thought that I might—might want to marry—to marry?"

He started a little.

"Then there is somebody?"

"I—I am not quite sure."

"Is it Douglas Gaines?"

"Why do you mention him?"

"He has seemed to like your society. Other people have noticed it. His father is my law partner, you know, and he has spoken to me about this attachment, as he calls it. He told me yesterday that it would please him greatly if you favored his son—and he asked me to use any influence I could bring to bear. I do not regard it as any breach of confidence to tell you this."

The girl looked up at him inquiringly.

"And do you approve, George?"

He hesitated a little.

"Douglass comes of an excellent family. I greatly esteem his father. As far as I know the boy has a good reputation. He is a little too boyish for his years, perhaps, but that isn't a serious fault."

"And you would interpose no objection?"

"Not if you loved him."

She was silent a moment. Then she smiled.

"You mustn't forget that Wednesday is my birthday, and you are to take supper with me here. There is to be an exchange of surprises, you know."

"I remember," he said. "I will come. Good-by."

As he went down the front steps the girl called to him.

"George," she cried, "if you see Douglass at the office tell him I'd like to see him, please."

As he walked away the young man's face clouded.

"When John Lamberton urged me to be the guardian of his child he didn't know that he was asking me to play with fire," he muttered. "Every day she grows more charming, every time I see her my peace of mind is freshly shattered. But Douglass—oh, well, it will have to be all right if she fancies him. There is one thing certain—I must give up this guardianship."

As for the girl, she lingered a moment in the doorway looking after her guardian's departing figure.

"Poor George," she murmured. "But he's too silly to deserve any pity. As if I couldn't see that he loves me so much that he's actually afraid of me. And all that pretense about lecturing me for my extravagance! Why, he's as transparent as glass. Poor George!"

That afternoon Ethel Lamberton had a caller, a chubby-faced youth with clothes of extreme cut and a hat with a parti-colored band. It was young Douglass Gaines, and young Gaines looked a little worried.

"Hullo, Ethel," he said.

"How do you do? Mr. Edgar gave you my message?"

"Yes, I—I was afraid it might be something serious."

"It may prove serious," said the girl.

He looked at her helplessly.

"You haven't seen dad, have you?"

"No."

"Maybe you know what he wants?"

"Maybe I do."

"Then you know he wants me to marry you?"

"I have heard something of the kind."

He looked still more helpless.

"You do not look pleased," said the girl.

There seemed to be a lump in the young man's throat. "Are you pleased?" he stammered.

"That isn't fair," said the girl. "I mustn't show my feeling until—well, until you make yourself more definite. Are you pleased?"

"No," he blurted out. Then he mustered all his courage. "I like you first rate, Ethel. You're a jolly girl all right. B-but I don't like you in the way—well, in the way father wants me to like you."

The girl frowned.

"That isn't flattering, Douglass. Your father—"

He interrupted her.

"You know my father wants you in the family? It's your money he wants."

The young man drew a long breath.

"I wish some I knew had a little money. Enough at least to impress father."

The girl shook her head at him.

"Then I have a hated rival?"

"N-not a rival, Ethel. She is very fond of you. She thinks you're a wonderful girl."

"Then I know her?"

"Yes."

"Is it Emily Robbins?"

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"Never mind. And you prefer Emily Robbins to me?"

"Yes. You don't care very much, do you?"

"And you want to marry Emily?"

"Of course."

"Does Emily know?"

"She knows. It's all right—except for dad."

"Suppose I bring a little influence to bear on your father?"

"Can you—will you?"

"Would it do any good to have George Edgar talk to him?"

"Of course it would. He's the very man. Whatever George Edgar says always goes with dad. There isn't a finer fellow on earth than George. You ought to hear what they say about him in college. He was the great half-back of his year, you know. But he wouldn't speak to dad, would he?"

The girl smiled.

"I am quite sure he will if I ask him."

"Fine. We'd like to be married in June if it's all right."

It was a dainty little birthday dinner to which the girl invited her guardian, and the guardian looked at the arrangement of the table with surprise as well as appreciation.

"Am I the only guest?" he asked.

"The one and only," she answered. "We couldn't expose our little surprises to outsiders, you know."

She had never looked more charming. The womanly side to her character seemed to him suddenly developed. She was no longer a child.

He had never enjoyed a dinner as he enjoyed that one. Yet he knew it must be the last. And when it was ended he felt that he time had come for him to tell her of his resolve, and to take himself out of her life forever. Then—

"That was a mistake about Douglass," she said

"A mistake?"

"Yes. I sent for him, you know, and when he came he told me he didn't care for me."

"Douglass told you he didn't care for you?"

"Yes. He likes some one else much better. It's Emily Robbins. And you are to speak to Douglass' father about her and use your best influence to help them."

He drew himself up a little stifly. "I'd rather not," he said.

"I promised you would," murmured the girl.

He drew a quick breath. "Then I will," he said.

"Douglass will be very grateful," said the girl, "and so will Emily—and so will I."

He fumbled in an inner pocket and brought forth a letter.

"Here is my surprise, Ethel," he said. "It's my resignation as your guardian. Your father made this optional with me. If on your twentieth birthday I deemed it wise to give you full possession of your property, I could do so. This was the finest birthday remembrance I could bring you—your freedom."

The girl slowly smiled.

"I don't notice that this sudden accession of liberty makes any difference in my feelings," she said. "But you mean it well, of course, and I thank you." Her clear eyes regarded him steadily. "George Edgar," she slowly added, "I begin to realize how much I owe to you, how faithful and lovingly you have served me. But you deserve something better than mere thanks." She hesitated a little, then bravely continued. "It seems to me that you deserve a—promotion."

"A promotion, Ethel? What does that mean?"

She flushed a little.

"You know what promotion means, dear friend. If there is in my service any higher office than that of guardian I think you deserve it."

Then he seemed to dimly comprehend her meaning. He leaned forward. His voice trembled when he spoke.

"Ethel," he slowly said, "what was that surprise you promised to give me to-day?"

She suddenly put out her hand to him.

"Myself," she softly answered.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Children's Shoe Trees.

Boot trees are a comparatively recent addition to the requirements of the average American man or woman and are one of the many little signs of the luxury of the times, for the average New Yorker who makes any pretensions to being well groomed has a pair of trees for every pair of boots and shoes. Just to make this luxury a little more insistent, they have taken to making trees for children's shoes now, and the cost to mothers who think it necessary for their children to have such things is just as much for a pair to fit a No. 6 child's size as for a pair to fit a man's No. 10's.—New York World.

Five-Ton Nests.

The largest birds' nests are to be found in Australia. The Australian jungle fowl build for nests great mounds, fifteen feet in height and 125 or 150 feet in circumference. Grass, leaves and other vegetable matter are used in the construction of the nests, which easily weigh a ton.

The Australian brush turkeys, working in colonies, build pyramidal nests even larger. One of these nests, on being removed, filled seven carts, and its total weight was five tons.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

For Safety.

A traveler passing through a small country town noticed a post on which was marked the height to which the river had risen during a recent flood.

"Do you mean to say," he asked a native, "that the river rose as high as that in 19—?"

"Oh, no," replied the native, "but the village children used to rub off the original mark, so the mayor ordered it to be put higher up, so as to be out of their reach."—Tit-Bits.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

HOW HE SAVED HIS GOLD.

J. V. Dusenberry was one of the victims of the Yosemite bandit who held up the passengers of five valley stages in one continuous performance.

Dusenberry lost only sixty cents, but on his person when the highwayman searched him were ten twenty-dollar gold pieces and a gold watch and chain.

Dusenberry had left the stage shortly before it reached the bandit's ambush. He was following slowly behind, gathering wild flowers and intending to take a cross country path later on and head off the stage, which was obliged to follow the tortuous road.

The highway man stopped the five stages one after the other. As he stopped one he ordered the driver to pull off the road in such a way as to conceal the coach and horses from the stage following. The passengers he lined up behind a clump of trees. Dusenberry, ignorant of the excitement ahead, was dawdling along enjoying the beauties of nature and adding blosson by blosson to the bunch of wild flowers in his hand.

He turned a sharp bend in the road and found himself looking into the barrel of a rifle. Behind the rifle was a tall, stooping figure with head, face and neck swathed in cloth. Through one of the crevices in the face covering gleamed an eye.

"Hands up!" came in a quiet tone of voice from another crevice.

"Now, stand at the head of that line," continued the voice.

The highwayman then resumed the operation of stripping the passengers of their wealth which Dusenberry's unexpected appearance had interrupted.

Instead of standing at the head of the line, however, relates the San Francisco Chronicle, Dusenberry sauntered down to the other end and joined those who already had been robbed. Behind the friendly shelter of an old lady's parasol Dusenberry made a rearrangement of his personal property. The $200, part of which belonged to a fellow traveler, and the watch and chain he dropped inside the waistband of his pantaloons and a sudden chill around the ankles told him of the safe arrival in his socks of his valuables.

It was not until all the passengers had been ordered back into the stages that the bandit remembered Dusenberry. He found the passenger agent and demanded his money. Dusenberry gave up the sixty cents and a knife.

"Better let me keep the knife," said Dusenberry. "If you take it it might cut friendship."

The knife was returned, and after sounding the outside of Dusenberry's pockets for more coin, the highwayman told him to "chase himself."

While standing in line many of the passengers, says Dusenberry, threw their valuables into the brush. They returned later to find them them gone. They had been picked up, however, by the detectives who took the bandit's trail, and were restored subsequently to the owners.

The highwayman opened the Wells Fargo box, but refrained from taking the $50 he discovered there His modesty, he explained, was due to a dislike to interesting the express company in his capture for so small a sum. He borrowed Dusenberry's linen duster, spread it on the ground and on it laid all the loot he did not want. He turned this bundle over to one of the passengers for distribution later to the owners.

"He was very cool," said Dusenberry, "but took no chances, either of surprise or subsequent identification. The mask he wore hid even his hair and disguised the shape of his head. He wore a loose-fitting suit and his feet were swathed in gunnysacks. The detectives found that after we had left the fellow had discarded his mask and the loose-fitting clothes and burned them. He was a tall man, but maintained a crouching position, and I do not suppose any who saw him could guess his height within a couple of inches. In the valley nobody seems to think there is much chance of capturing him."

BATTLES WITH RHINOCEROSES.

Mr. William Cotton Oswell, who made his second expedition into the interior of Southern Africa in 1847, had two terrible experiences with rhinoceroses. His son, in the lately published biography of his distinguished father, records these adventures.

He had one pre-eminently good horse, Stael, the very pick of all he ever had in Africa, fast and most sweet-tempered, and so fearless that he would, without whip or spur or any urging, carry his master right up to a lion and stand perfectly motionless within a few feet of the brute while Mr. Oswell fired.

Returning to camp one evening on Stael, he fired both barrels of his rifle at a white rhinoceros. Instead of dropping or bolting, it began to walk toward the smoke.

Oswell turned his horse, only to find a thick bush was against its chest. Before he could fell it the rhinoceros drove its horn in under the flank, and threw horse and rider into the air with such terrific force that the point of the horn pierced the saddle.

Oswell scalped his head for a space four inches in length and in breadth. He scrambled to his knees, and saw the horn actually within the bend of his leg. With the energy of self-preservation he sprang to his feet, but after tottering a step or two tripped and came to the ground. The rhinoceros passed within a foot without hurting him.

As he rose for the second time his after-rider came up with another gun. Half pulling him from his horse, Oswell mounted it and galloped after and caught the rhinoceros. Keeping back the piece of scalp with his left hand, he held the gun to his shoulder with his right and shot the brute dead.

On the return journey to the Cape he met with the most serious accident of his life. Stalking two rhinoceroses, he was lying flat when they came within twenty yards of him. The nearer of the two came near stepping on him. Hoping that his sudden appearance from the ground would startle her and so give him a chance of escape, he sprang up and dashed alongside of her to get in the rear, his hand being on her as he passed.

She immediately gave chase. A quick turn saved him for the moment; the race was over in the next. As the horned snout came lapping round his thigh he rested the gun on the long head, and, still running, fired both barrels; but with the smoke he found himself sailing through the air, and it was not until three hours later that he recovered consciousness, to find a deep gash in his thigh eight inches long, down to the bone in all its length.

For nearly four weeks, unable to get to the wagons, he made his bed under a bush.

PURSUED BY WOLVES.

Samuel Johnson, an Indianapolis man, eighty-three years old, who was one of the most enthusiastic old settlers at the recent reunion at White City, tells of an experience with wolves on Buck Creek that nearly ended disastrously for him.

"I was out on a hunting trip about twelve miles from Indianapolis on Buck Creek," said Mr. Johnson. "There were thick woods all around that part of the country and few people near. I was living in a house made of logs in the midst of the woods and a fine place for wolves. I never thought much about the danger, though, and used to go many miles away on a hunting expedition without seeing a wolf or thinking about one.

'One day I went on a trip and stayed out a little later than usual. It was getting dark and as I got near home the air was cold, and if wolves ever are hungry they would have been hungry that night. I hurried along trying to get in the house before night, and I began to wonder if there were any wolves near.

"I happened to look back and saw a big patch of black moving toward me. I hurried faster and just got inside the door when the pack reached the house. I barred the door and kept clear out of sight, but on the outside I could hear the animals howling and scratching around. They must have stayed an hour or more, but I did not try to shoot them and I think they lost the scent of me. Anyway, they turned suddenly and ran off down the road, and I never saw them after that time."—Indianapolis Star.

THE PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

The story is told of how a neatly constructed cipher saved Sir John Trevanion's life. This cavalier was taken prisoner and locked up in Colchester Castle to await his execution. On the second day of his confinement the jailer brought him a letter which as far as the warder of the castle could discover was merely a note of condolence from a friend. But the letter had been concocted on a cipher to which Sir John had the clew. Every third letter after a punctuation mark of any kind was to tell. What he made out was: "Panel at east end of chapel slides." On the following evening the prisoner begged permission to pass a quiet hour in prayer in the chapel. The request was granted, and before the hour had passed the panel had done its work and the bird had flown.—Boston Post Magazine.

SHOT INVITED BEAR RACE.

There was something doing near Appollonia, Wis., when Elmer Hill went partridge hunting. Elmer struck a nice place in the brush and started up a bird, which got away, but he shot at the second to fly up. Elmer missed the bird, but hit something else. A big black bear had been peppered, and Elmer and the bear had a merry race. The bear caught Hill and wounded him five times with his claws, Hill's only defense being a hunting knife, as he threw away his shotgun in the race. Hill was exhausted by the time help beat off the bear.—Philadelphia Record.

A PLUCKY RUSE.

A man hopelessly lost in the bush in South Australia, after wandering about for four days, came across the telegraph line between Adelaide and Port Darwin. He had not the strength to go farther, but managed to climb a pole and cut the wire. He then made himself as comfortable as possible and waited. The telegraph repairers were sent along the line, and they came to the wanderer just in time to save his life.—Kansas City Independent.

The Affair of the Household

TO BLEACH HOUSE LINEN.

Handkerchiefs and towels may be bleached by washing them in the usual manner and then letting them stand over night in a solution of one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar to each quart of water.

CHILDREN'S DRY DOCK.

In a newly fitted nursery there is a mysterious trapdoor in the middle of the floor, which is ordinarily covered with a rug. Under the door there is a shallow tank which serves as a dry dock for the children's boats when they are not in use and as a pond on which to sail them at other times.

CLEANER FOR GUITARS.

An excellent cleaner for guitars, violins and other stringed musical instruments is made of one-third each of linseed oil, turpentine and water. These shaken together in a bottle form an emulsion or cream. Rub the instrument with a cloth dampened in the cream. Wipe dry and polish with a woolen cloth.

BEDROOM DECORATIONS.

A lovely bedroom which the decorator has just completed has its walls covered with one of the fabric papers of homespun effect in a soft color blend in which green predominates. For the frieze, a border of roses on a light background has been cut out on the lower side around the edges of the flowers, so that they fall irregularly onto the paper.

TO OPEN A BOILED LOBSTER.

Wipe off shell, break off large claws, separate tail from body, take body from shell, leaving stomach on shell. Put aside green fat and coral. Remove claws, remove woolly gills from the body, break latter through middle and pick out meats from joints. Crush or cut under side of tail, draw meat from shell, draw back flesh of upper and pull off intestinal cord. Break edges of large claws and remove meat.

TO CLEAN CHAMOIS GLOVES.

Make a lather with castile soap and warm water, with a tablespoonful of ammonia to each quart. When the water is tepid put the gloves in it. Let them soak for a quarter of an hour, then press them in your hands. Do not wring them. Rinse in clear, cold water with a little ammonia added. Press the gloves in a towel. Dry in the open air after previously blowing up to puff them out.

PATTERNS FOR SILVER.

The newest patterns in household silver are of old English pewter design, with angles and straight edges and no ornament other than, now and then, an etched sketch of a famous inn on one side. This silver is made of the unpolished metal beaten into shape with jewelers' tools. It goes excellently with the Mission and other severely plain furniture of the day. It comes in tea sets, little sugar and cream sets, knives, forks and spoons, loving cups, tankards and other dishes.

Cheese Entree—One slice of Roquefort cheese and butter size of walnut; mix thoroughly and make a thin paste with three or four tablespoonfuls of fruit juice. When of a good spreading consistency, spread it over slices of Russet, Northern Spy or other tart apples and serve chilled.

Peanut Wafers—Half a cup of butter and a cup of sugar creamed together. Add half a cup of milk in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Then add slowly two cups of sifted flour, stirring until smooth. Spread the mixture thinly in a baking pan, sprinkle the top with rolled peanuts, bake a light brown.

Pickled Sheep's Tongue—Put the tongue in cold water for two or three hours; then drop them into boiling water and cook until tender. Have ready enough boiling vinegar to cover them, adding to each quart a teaspoonful of whole allspice, a teaspoonful of whole black pepper and a few cloves. Put the tongues into a jar, pour the vinegar over them and cover tightly.

Panned Tomatoes—Firm tomatoes are cut in half, the cut side floured, seasoned and laid downward in a little hot butter or dripping. A tight cover and the steam is confined and softens the upper side, and as soon as the floured side is browned each piece is laid on a hot platter. Flour sufficient to absorb the fat in the pan is dredged, then milk is added gradually to make a smooth gravy, which is seasoned and poured around the tomatoes.

Quick Cinnamon Bun—Rub one tablespoonful of lard into one quart of flour and add one teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir in quickly half a pint of milk. Roll out in a thin sheet, cover with a thick layer of sugar, another of currants, and then a sprinkling of cinnamon. Roll up and cut into buns about two inches long. Stand these on their ends in a greased pan and bake twenty-five minutes in a quick oven.

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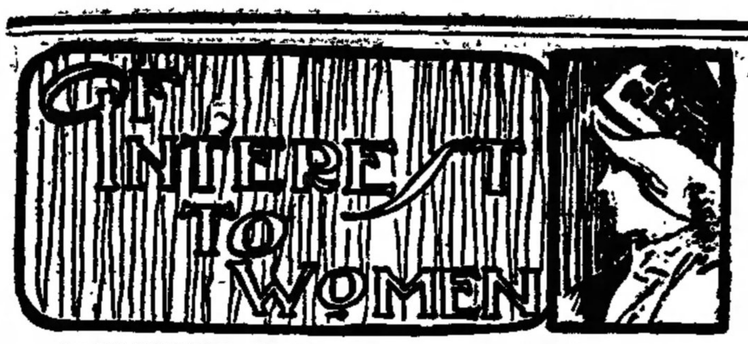

HAND-PAINTED HATS.

There seems to be no stopping in the universal race for novelty. The latest craze is for hats hand-painted with the designs of the flowers with which they are trimmed. Large leghorn hats in white and black have their brims painted with long trails of pink or white roses and trimmed with clusters of the flowers and big bows. A very dainty toque also fashionable is of pale mauve crinoline straw, trimmed with lilac and ornamented with painted sprays of the same blossoms, which are half hidden in the folds of the straw.—London Opinion.

THE GIRL WITH FRENCH HEELS.

Common sense heels are commoner and more sensible than ever. Yet here and there a woman clings to the tiny towers of Louis Quinze and trips blithely on her way, serene in possession of a Spanish instep. When all's said, there is something essentially attractive about the French heel. Unhygienic, even dangerous though it is, it suggests femininity in every graceful curve, and the very smallness of its base reminds the masculine beholder how slight a hold on earth a genuine angel has. 'Tis well, perhaps, that there are a few beauties who cling to it—they are so piquantly picturesque in a tiresomely common sense world.—New York Press.

ANIMALS' HEADS AS OPERA BAG

Opera bags made of the heads of small animals to which a silk top is added are seen in the Broadway theatre crowds these nights. One woman in a car on a recent night carried one so that the head peeped out from under her arm, and many were the curious glances of the other passengers. Relief was shown on several faces when she laid it in her lap and they could see what it was and that it was not alive. A young woman who is a fine rider at the hunts and whose room is decorated with many trophies in the shape of the tails of foxes killed, surprised the master of hounds at a recent chase by asking if she might have the head of the fox. She got it and took it to a taxidermist. Now she carries it proudly in the form of an opera bag.—New York Press.

"HOPPING" THE NEW REST CURE

"Hopping" is the exercise prescribed by the anti-beauty doctor who has no mercy on the lame or the lazy. But this "hopping" is not a gymnastic exercise, as might be supposed, but working in the hop fields. In England this newest form of rest cure for wearied society persons is carried on in a camp. Every day, in a special inclosure, these "hoppers de luxe," as they are called, may be seen at work, apparently enjoying it. In fact, they assert that a week's "hopping" is far better and more pleasant than a rest in Marienbad. The tents of these well-to-do pickers are expensively furnished, and easy chairs, soft beds and up-to-date camping outfits are among their "hopping" appliances. Their field is railed off from the ordinary "hoppers," and they do not rise so early or work so late. Of course, their faces are the hue of lobsters, their hair wind blown and tousled and their shoes a disgrace to a civilized community. Oh, it is a great thing to be a "hopper!"

WRITERS MUST SEE.

Two girls passed a forlorn little figure sitting on the edge of a city fountain. Her thin shoulders were shaken by silent sobs. Her mouselike teeth were set hard in her thin, colorless lips. The first girl who passed did not notice that the child was crying. In fact, she was thinking what a hot day it was, and how hard it was to work in the great office amid the clickety-click of typewriters. The second girl, her eyes open to all that went on around her, despite the heat, spied the heaving shoulders, unlocked the hard-set lips and unearthed a story which led to the expose of a great wrong, and placed the girl on the staff of a big paper, and lifted her protege beyond want and misery.

Which one of those two girls hurrying back to the same office was the born writer? It is not fine phrases, dear girl with the pen, that will make you a writer, but your knowledge of human nature, your power of observation—and the ability to put this combination of knowledge and observation into a wordform that will reach the hearts of our readers and bring success to our door.—Anna Steese Richardson, in Woman's Home Companion.

THE TOPAZ.

Every precious stone has its own legend—good or evil, as the case may be—and from it the stone derives a sentimental value quite apart from its intrinsic worth. The topaz is associated with a quaint bit of old Roman lore which explains why it is called the stone of gratitude.

The blind Emperor Theodosius had caused a brazen gong to be placed before his palace gates, where those who wished his help and advice might come and sound it, and so gain immediate entranche to the royal presence. One day a great snake crept to the gate and struck the gong with her coils. Theodosius gave orders that no one should molest her, but she she should approach and make known her wish.

The snake bent her crest in homage and told her grievance. Her nest, which was at the base of the gateway tower, had been invaded while she was absent in search of food, her nestlings killed and herself repulsed by the strange beast, covered with sharp needles, which now held possession of it. Would Caesar grant her justice?

The emperor gave orders to have the porcupine slain, and the mother was restored to her desolate home. By nightfall the incident was forgotten by the people. The serpent had a better memory. At dawn she glided into the palace, through the spacious apartments, up stairways and through corridors until she gained the royal chamber. On the closed eeylids of the sleeping emperor she laid a gleaming topaz, and when he awoke he was no longer blind. The mother-snake had paid her debt of gratitude.—Woman.

MUST BE IN FASHION.

Lady Teazle's indignant cry of protest to her harassed spouse, "Would you have me out of fashion?" carries an even greater significance nowadays than it did in the days of hoops and farthingales. To be out of the fashion is, practically speaking, to be out of the world—the real world of action and enterprise, just as much as the realm of society and dress—and the value of "good clothes" is recognized so universally as hardly to be worth questioning.

One of the new shades is a real moleskin brown, and with this shade most colors can be worn, so that moleskin is destined to be fashionable once again. Naturally moleskin is not so expensive as the rarer furs, but the handsomest muffs and boas are quite appropriate for the most elaborate costumes and carry out the color so well that the whole effect is excellent.

As a matter of fact, velvet appears to be the alpha and omega of fashion's creed just now. Whether it be the soft chiffon velvet of rose leaf consistency, or the less amenable velveteens, which, when carried out in subdued tartans and shephard's plaids, make the most effective little morning costumes possible—it is so ubiquitous as to impress itself upon us at every turn.

The trimming of the velvet gown has besides been elevated to a fine art, and no trouble is spared in its elaboration. Braid comes first in the affections of the dressmaker, from wide, loosely meshed silk braid to the narrow variety, which is worked into the most beautiful designs, and represents patient and almost unending labor on the part of those who are responsible for the manufacture of the dress.—Philadelphia Record.

Plain velvet and striped silk in small quantities are used with good effect on the cloth street gown.

The combinations of browns and greens in plaids and in hat trimmings are noticeably attractive this season.

Shining bracelets and dog collars in jet are very attractive, the effect in the evening being especially rich and beautiful.

Choice hand bags in dull jet beads which are being shown for those in mourning are too expensive to become common.

The blending of unusual shades has reached a degree of perfection among American artists that is second only to the French.

Two strips of the belt ribbon fastened one above the other to the bone in front, cross at the sides and the upper becomes the lower one where they join the bone at the middle of the back.

There is a certain fascinating style about the drooping coque feathers that are being so extensively used on fall walking hats that is undoubtedly the reason of their great popularity.

Pleated lace and bias silk bands combine in very neat stocks. The bands are a lid upon the foundation of lace in a decorative fashion the ends crossing and caught with small white buttons.

While uncurled ostrich plumes are considered especially smart, the beauty of the softly curling feathers proves far more tempting to most women, and consequently a great many more of the curled plumes are worn.

Very stunning is the plaided auto coat of English tweed, faced and strapped with leather, and ornamented with buttons. It is a roomy garment with large pockets set beneath leather straps, and is very warm and comfortable for severe weather.

A shopkeeper in Tunbridge Wells, England, is a believer in reform spelling. He displayed the other day a placard reading: "2 Whewl Tryzieeul for Sal."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE TWO KNIGHTS.

Away in the forest there stands a good knight
Clad all in a coat of mail;
His lance is made of an icicle bright,
His arrows are the hail.

And now and again he encounters a knight
In Lincoln green arrayed;
His crest is a spray of hawthorn white,
A sunbeam is his blade.

They fight from dawn till set of sun,
Till the leaves come out on the trees,
And all the rivers begin to run,
To carry the news to the seas!

Till all the flowers spring from the earth,
And wild grass is green on the ground;
Then winter yields to the green knight's worth,
And is out of sight at a bound.
—Lucy Fitch Perkins, in St. Nicholas.

A HUMAN SALAMANDER.

It was a warm corner. Day after day the French soldiers had pushed their batteries nearer and nearer toward the besieged town, and now one could look out from behind the breastworks and plainly see the faces of the Austrian artillerymen, as they stuck to their guns with grim determination and sent their shots flying into the French forts.

In one of these little mud constructed forts a small party of French soldiers, under the command of a corporal, were busily engaged in returning the fire of the enemy.

The corporal, a tall, gaunt young fellow of twenty, was directing the work of his men. Often he leaped to the ramparts to note what effect the fire of his guns was producing.

"Truly," said one of the soldiers, as the corporal jumped back among them, "thou are a veritable salamander, for thou canst stand fire."

'Who is a salamander?" inquired a gruff voice from the rear of the smoke filled battery.

The soldiers turned and saw standing there a small, pale faced man in a general's uniform.

One of the men pointed toward the corporal.

"It is he, general," he replied.

"A salamander! We will see!" reiterated the officer, as he ran his eye over the corporal. "Can you write?" he inquired.

"Yes, my general."

"Follow me, then." Out into the shot swept open the two passed, walking side by side.

"You seem," remarked the general, pleasantly, "to be at least a foot taller than I. Kindly walk on this side," and he indicated the side nearest to the enemy. "It will be a great protection to me."

Without a word the corporal took the place

Just at that moment a shell burst directly over their heads, but did them no harm.

The officer cast a quick glance at his companion. He was not in the least flurried. He did not even quicken his pace

Presently they reached and entered a battery which was nearest of all to the Austrian lines. It was filled with dead and wounded soldiers. Only one gun remained standing.

Calmly seating himself on a broken gun carriage, the general gave the corporal paper and quill and ink, and commanded him to write as he began to dictate a letter.

The corporal's hand did not shake. He wrote almost as rapidly as the general spoke.

Suddenly, just as the letter was finished, there was a deafening report, and a huge cannon ball passed close above them and buried itself with a dull thud in the earth beyond. The wind caused by its passage overturned the two, and dust and dirt completely covered them.

The general picked himself up in an instant. Calmly leaping upon the ramparts the corporal waved the finished letter defiantly towards the Austrian lines.

"Thanks, my friends," he shouted, "you have saved me the trouble of blotting it."

A look of genuine admiration crept into the eyes of the general.

"What is your name?" he asked, harshly.

"Corporal Junot of the Ninth Foot, general."

"Say rather 'Captain Junot,' for I cannot afford to let such fellows as you remain corporals;" and General Bonaparte—for it was he—clapped the young man on the shoulder.

Eight years later Marshal Junot was decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor Napoleon.—Frank P. Channon, in St. Nicholas.

"BOONE TREES."

In the good old days our brave pioneer ancestors wore buckskin clothes trimmed with long fringe of fur, and for weapons they carried long rifles with barrels made of imported horseshoe nails, the wooden stock trimmed with brass and ornamented with eagles, raccoons, deer and other objects cut from shells and set into the wood. They also carried long hunting knives, and buskskin or leather bullet pouches, often beautifully decorated with patterns of colored porcupine quills and glass beads, or made of some expensive fur. Their powder was carried in cowhorn powder flasks scraped smooth with pieces of broken glass, and with the surface engraved in rude designs of suns, moons, stars and figures of big game.

In the leather belt which encircled the waist and belted in the wampum they carried trusty tomahawks, and like their neighbors, the redskins, many of the picturesque old fellows were expert in the use of these little camp axes as weapons of offense and defense.

The great Daniel Boone himself carried an axe of this kind, and the trees he blazed with his tomahawk to mark the boundaries of land were so well known as "Boone trees" that in after years lawsuits were decided by the identification of the blazed boundaries as the ones made by the stroke of Boone's tomahawk.—Dan Beard, in Woman's Home Companion.

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"I am going to tell you who was the happiest child I saw to-day," said papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day, and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The driver took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton court to water them. But one poor old ewe was too tired to go to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little boy, ragged and dirty, spring out from the crowd, fill his hat and carry it—one, two, three—eh, as many as six times, to the poor suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say 'T'ant you!' papa?" asked Jim, gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I am sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."

PUMPKATO OR TOMAKIN?

The pumpkato, or the tomakin, whichever it may be called, is the latest addition to the flora of Ohio.

Edward Womeldorff, of Gallipolis, a young farmer, late in the season set out some climbing tomato plants close to a telephone pole. Nearby were pumpkin vines. One of the tomato plants and one of the pumpkin vines intertwined and climbed the telegraph pole. The joint vine prolonged itself over the wires and the current of electricity pervaded it.

Vegetables developed in the course of time, but while each retained its outward form, each borrowed the characteristics of the other. The tomato tasted like pumpkin and the pumpkin had the tomato flavor.

The introduction of the electric current from the telephone wires produced a curious result. At night the pumpkins glow with a yellow incandescence, while the tomatoes are of a passionate red shade. The illumination is soft, but penetrating. Womeldorff says this is a good feature, because the vine has plenty of light to work all night, and so grows twice as fast.

THE ELEPHANT.

He has a thick hide.
He enjoys a long memory.
He is the only animal with a trunk.
His size gives him precedence on land.
In the sea he would be rivaled by the whale.
He has five toes on each of his very big feet.
Instead of eye teeth he has ivory tusks, which cause him to be hunted
As a baby he has a tiny pair of milk tusks, which are shed like a human baby's teeth.
He is connected with the other hoofed mammals by a number of forms now extinct.
His trunk is but an elongated nose, which he uses both as an organ of smelling, feeling and feeding.
In India a baby elephant weighs 200 pounds at birth. We shall see what Texas will do with her new elephant ranch, which is to start out nobly with 100 mother elephants.—Philadelphia Record.

Muskmelons.

Since May 15 I have ordered from dealers in all parts of New York and Jersey City the old-fashioned muskmelon and succeeded in obtaining two. And the merchant who sold those thought they were cantaloupes! Nobody in the melon business seems to know what the muskmelon looks like or tastes like, and its place in the market has been taken entirely by the Rockyfords and their several cousins. One fine muskmelon is worth a dozen mealy cantaloupes. It may be nine inches long and six inches thick, resembling a small football. The meat is a rich saffron, and the flavor indescribable. Price, thirty-five to fifty cents; and well worth it. Sliced in wedges an inch thick at the back, making portions the shape of an Indian canoe, and eaten with black pepper and salt in green-corn style (biting the flesh off with the teeth and making a tooth brush of the rind)—Oh, my! Watermelon style, too, in the country!—New York Press.

CHECKS FOR PAPERING OFFICE.

More Than 2000 Used—Uniform in Color and Design.

"No, sir; I'm no tile worker; you'd better send up to one of the mosaic shops."

That's what a paperhanger said to a member of the Stoller Commission Company about three years ago when the firm made known its purpose to paper the walls of its offices with cancelled checks. The idea of using them for wall paper in fanciful designs was a whim that became a determination later on.

The third paperhanger that answered the call agreed to do the work. And he did it artistically. The checks were all of one form and were put on the walls in panels with gilt moulding around the edges. There is no check on the walls that represents less than $1000. One is made out for $30,000. The total amount of money represented in one room is more than $8,000,000. In another room that was decorated in this way is a small panel of about forty checks that represent a quarter of a million dollars.

The checks are so much alike and are matched so evenly upon the walls that the extraordinary design is not noticed upon first entering the room. The panels look as if papered with ordinary wall paper of an oblong pattern. On every check appears the signature of Frank P. Stoller, one of the firm. "I never thought," he said, "of how much money I had signed away until I had the walls papered with these checks. Some of these checks tell stories. Here's one that was given to Kirk Armour for the last bunch of cattle that he produced on his farm at Waldo, Mo., and this one for $12,000 was drawn to pay for the first shipload of cattle that we shipped to Cuba after the war."

More than 2000 checks were used in papering one of the rooms.—Kansas City Star.

WISE WORDS.

Lots more men would be good husbands if it weren't so mighty dull.

A girl learns to love swimming very early when she has a good figure.

When you see a red-headed widow it's a sign her husband isn't sorry he is dead.

When a woman isn't afraid of being rained on it's a sign it's her own complexion.

A man doesn't have to mention lawyers in his will for them to get a big share of it.

The bigger hurry a man is in to get married the longer he will have to figure out why.

Any man can get a reputation for knowing more than he does if he will keep his mouth shut.

One of the queerest things about being in love is the way the idiots think they fool the people.

When a girl is too refined to help make up the beds it's a sign she doesn't think her mother is.

A man could afford to have a lot more bad habits if some of his good ones weren't just as expensive.

Girls have such finicky notions most of them would like to marry a man to match their complexions.

It may be wicked to lie to a woman about how beautiful she is, but it's mighty easy to be popular that way.

You could never make a woman believe a preacher who thought her child was a girl when it was a boy.

A married man gets lots more fun on a fishing party than other kinds because the family never wants to go along.

It isn't what you spend on a boy's college education that costs so much as what it costs you afterward to support him up to it.

Either you tell people the truth about themselves and are hated by them for a boor, or you don't, and everybody else denounces you for a hypocrite.

A nice thing about having your family away for the summer is no matter how late you come home in the morning you don't have to take your shoes off to go upstairs.

One of the inconsistencies of this world is that if you have no money you have to spend to keep up appearances; but if you have plenty you can let appearances go hang.—From "Reflections of a Bachelor," in the New York Press.

What Prosperous Newspaper Can Do.

A big, prosperous newspaper can do practically everything for a city's advancement. Weak newspapers can do nothing. The Los Angeles Times, the Kansas City Star, the Seattle Times and the Indianapolis News, as representing strong, prosperous, fighting newspapers, are entitled to more credit for the greatness of their cities than any other ten forces which go to make up cities. Newspapers that are founded on right lines and right hands should gladly be given a fair price for their advertising, should be encouraged, not discouraged.—Des Moines Capital.

Russian Students in Prussia.

By the new regulations adopted in respect of the admission of Russian students to Prussian universities not only must such students, as at present, be free from political suspicion and satisfy certain academic standards, but they will be required to furnish proof of the possession of adequate means of support.—Frankfort Gazette.

WHAT TO DO WITH BULBS.

I would advise covering the plants with ten to twelve inches of litter from the barnyard. Let this extend well over each plant. If this covering is not readily obtained, leaves can be used to advantage. Take a box a foot deep and at least two feet square. Knock the bottom out of it, and place it over the plant. Then fill in with leaves, packing them down well. When the box is full nail the bottom in place to shed rain. Bank up about the box with soil from the bed. In spring do not uncover until the danger of freezing weather is over—that is, weather cold enough to freeze the soil to the depth of the bulb.—Home Magazine.

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Perhaps the best, most serviceable and artistic way to winter tender plants is in window boxes, placed inside the window and about six to twelve inches from the glass. The box may be expensive or otherwise, as desired. So far as the plants are concerned, any box will do, provided it is well drained, but by all means have it made to fit the window. Paint it on the outside any color appropriate to the surroundings. It should be six to eight inches wide and six inches deep, with several holes drilled in the bottom for drainage. A tray or tin pan of a corresponding size should be provided to catch the water that soaks through, but the box should not be set down tightly into this. Allow enough space all around to admit free circulation of air. Small block of wood about an inch thick placed in the bottom of the pan will elevate the box sufficiently. The failure in growing house plants often rests upon inattention to this simple requirement. All healthy growing plants require an abundant supply of oxygen. When a flower pot or window box is left to stand in water half the time the circulation of air is stopped and the roots are suffocated. This one thing is responsible for more deaths of house plants than any other neglect or mismanagement.

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HAND-PAINTED HATS.

There seems to be no stopping in the universal race for novelty. The latest craze is for hats hand-painted with the designs of the flowers with which they are trimmed. Large leghorn hats in white and black have their brims painted with long trails of pink or white roses and trimmed with clusters of the flowers and big bows. A very dainty toque also fashionable is of pale mauve crinoline straw, trimmed with lilac and ornamented with painted sprays of the same blossoms, which are half hidden in the folds of the straw.—London Opinion.

THE GIRL WITH FRENCH HEELS.

Common sense heels are commoner and more sensible than ever. Yet here and there a woman clings to the tiny towers of Louis Quinze and trips blithely on her way, serene in possession of a Spanish instep. When all's said, there is something essentially attractive about the French heel. Unhygienic, even dangerous though it is, it suggests femininity in every graceful curve, and the very smallness of its base reminds the masculine beholder how slight a hold on earth a genuine angel has. 'Tis well, perhaps, that there are a few beauties who cling to it—they are so piquantly picturesque in a tiresomely common sense world.—New York Press.

ANIMALS' HEADS AS OPERA BAG

Opera bags made of the heads of small animals to which a silk top is added are seen in the Broadway theatre crowds these nights. One woman in a car on a recent night carried one so that the head peeped out from under her arm, and many were the curious glances of the other passengers. Relief was shown on several faces when she laid it in her lap and they could see what it was and that it was not alive. A young woman who is a fine rider at the hunts and whose room is decorated with many trophies in the shape of the tails of foxes killed, surprised the master of hounds at a recent chase by asking if she might have the head of the fox. She got it and took it to a taxidermist. Now she carries it proudly in the form of an opera bag.—New York Press.

"HOPPING" THE NEW REST CURE

"Hopping" is the exercise prescribed by the anti-beauty doctor who has no mercy on the lame or the lazy. But this "hopping" is not a gymnastic exercise, as might be supposed, but working in the hop fields. In England this newest form of rest cure for wearied society persons is carried on in a camp. Every day, in a special inclosure, these "hoppers de luxe," as they are called, may be seen at work, apparently enjoying it. In fact, they assert that a week's "hopping" is far better and more pleasant than a rest in Marienbad. The tents of these well-to-do pickers are expensively furnished, and easy chairs, soft beds and up-to-date camping outfits are among their "hopping" appliances. Their field is railed off from the ordinary "hoppers," and they do not rise so early or work so late. Of course, their faces are the hue of lobsters, their hair wind blown and tousled and their shoes a disgrace to a civilized community. Oh, it is a great thing to be a "hopper!"

WRITERS MUST SEE.

Two girls passed a forlorn little figure sitting on the edge of a city fountain. Her thin shoulders were shaken by silent sobs. Her mouselike teeth were set hard in her thin, colorless lips. The first girl who passed did not notice that the child was crying. In fact, she was thinking what a hot day it was, and how hard it was to work in the great office amid the clickety-click of typewriters. The second girl, her eyes open to all that went on around her, despite the heat, spied the heaving shoulders, unlocked the hard-set lips and unearthed a story which led to the expose of a great wrong, and placed the girl on the staff of a big paper, and lifted her protege beyond want and misery.

Which one of those two girls hurrying back to the same office was the born writer? It is not fine phrases, dear girl with the pen, that will make you a writer, but your knowledge of human nature, your power of observation—and the ability to put this combination of knowledge and observation into a word-form that will reach the hearts of your readers and bring success to your door.—Anna Steese Richardson, in Woman's Home Companion.

THE TOPAZ.

Every precious stone has its own legend—good or evil, as the case may be—and from it the stone derives a sentimental value quite apart from its intrinsic worth. The topaz is associated with a quaint bit of old Roman lore which explains why it is called the stone of gratitude.

The blind Emperor Theodosius had caused a brazen gong to be placed before his palace gates, where those who wished his help and advice might come and sound it, and so gain immediate entranche to the royal presence. One day a great snake crept up to the gate and struck the gong with her coils. Theodosius gave orders that no one should molest her, but she she should approach and make known her wish.

The snake bent her crest in homage and told her grievance. Her nest, which was at the base of the gateway tower, had been invaded while she was absent in search of food, her nestlings killed and herself repulsed by the strange beast, covered with sharp needles, which now held possession of it. Would Caesar grant her justice?

The emperor gave orders to have the porcupine slain, and the mother was restored to her desolate home. By nightfall the incident was forgotten by the people. The serpent had a better memory. At dawn she glided into the palace, through the spacious apartments, up stairways and through corridors until she gained the royal chamber. On the closed eeylids of the sleeping emperor she laid a gleaming topaz, and when he awoke he was no longer blind. The mother-snake had paid her debt of gratitude.—Woman.

MUST BE IN FASHION.

Lady Teazle's indignant cry of protest to her harassed spouse, "Would you have me out of fashion?" carries an even greater significance nowadays than it did in the days of hoops and farthingales. To be out of the fashion is, practically speaking, to be out of the world—the real world of action and enterprise, just as much as the realm of society and dress—and the value of "good clothes" is recognized so universally as hardly to be worth questioning.

One of the new shades is a real moleskin brown, and with this shade most colors can be worn, so that moleskin is destined to be fashionable once again. Naturally moleskin is not so expensive as the rarer furs, but the handsomest muffs and boas are quite appropriate for the most elaborate costumes and carry out the color so well that the whole effect is excellent.

As a matter of fact, velvet appears to be the alpha and omega of fashion's creed just now. Whether it be the soft chiffon velvet of rose leaf consistency, or the less amenable velveteens, which, when carried out in subdued tartans and shephard's plaids, make the most effective little morning costumes possible—it is so ubiquitous as to impress itself upon us at every turn.

The trimming of the velvet gown has besides been elevated to a fine art, and no trouble is spared in its elaboration. Braid comes first in the affections of the dressmaker, from wide, loosely meshed silk braid to the narrow variety, which is worked into the most beautiful designs, and represents patient and almost unending labor on the part of those who are responsible for the manufacture of the dress.—Philadelphia Record.

Plain velvet and striped silk in small quantities are used with good effect on the cloth street gown.

The combinations of browns and greens in plaids and in hat trimmings are noticeably attractive this season.

Shining bracelets and dog collars in jet are very attractive, the effect in the evening being especially rich and beautiful.

Choice hand bags in dull jet beads which are being shown for those in mourning are too expensive to become common.

The blending of unusual shades has reached a degree of perfection among American artists that is second only to the French.

Two strips of the belt ribbon fastened one above the other to the bone in front, cross at the sides and the upper becomes the lower one where they join the bone at the middle of the back.

There is a certain fascinating style about the drooping coque feathers that are being so extensively used on fall walking hats that is undoubtedly the reason of their great popularity.

Pleated lace and bias silk bands combine in very neat stocks. The bands are a lid upon the foundation of lace in a decorative fashion the ends crossing and caught with small white buttons.

While uncurled ostrich plumes are considered especially smart, the beauty of the softly curling feathers proves far more tempting to most women, and consequently a great many more of the curled plumes are worn.

Very stunning is the plaided auto coat of English tweed, faced and strapped with leather, and ornamented with buttons. It is a roomy garment with large pockets set beneath leather straps, and is very warm and comfortable for severe weather.

A shopkeeper in Tunbridge Wells, England, is a believer in reform spelling. He displayed the other day a placard reading: "3 Whewl Trjaiceul for Sal."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE TWO KNIGHTS.

Away in the forest there stands a good knight
Clad all in a coat of mail;
His lance is made of an icicle bright,
His arrows are the hail.

And now and again he encounters a knight
In Lincoln green arrayed;
His crest is a spray of hawthorn white,
A sunbeam is his blade.

They fight from dawn till set of sun,
Till the leaves come out on the trees,
And all the rivers begin to run,
To carry the news to the seas!

Till all the flowers spring from the earth,
And wild grass is green on the ground;
Then winter yields to the green knight's worth,
And is out of sight at a bound.
—Lucy Fitch Perkins, in St. Nicholas.

A HUMAN SALAMANDER.

It was a warm corner. Day after day the French soldiers had pushed their batteries nearer and nearer toward the besieged town, and now one could look out from behind the breastworks and plainly see the faces of the Austrian artillerymen, as they stuck to their guns with grim determination and sent their shots flying into the French forts.

In one of these little mud constructed forts a small party of French soldiers, under the command of a corporal, were busily engaged in returning the fire of the enemy.

The corporal, a tall, gaunt young fellow of twenty, was directing the work of his men. Often he leaped to the ramparts to note what effect the fire of his guns was producing.

"Truly," said one of the soldiers, as the corporal jumped back among them, "thou are a veritable salamander, for thou canst stand fire."

'Who is a salamander?" inquired a gruff voice from the rear of the smoke filled battery.

The soldiers turned and saw standing there a small, pale faced man in a general's uniform.

One of the men pointed toward the corporal.

"It is he, general," he replied.

"A salamander! We will see!" reiterated the officer, as he ran his eye over the corporal. "Can you write?" he inquired.

"Yes, my general."

"Follow me, then." Out into the shot swept open the two passed, walking side by side.

"You seem," remarked the general, pleasantly, "to be at least a foot taller than I. Kindly walk on this side," and he indicated the side nearest to the enemy. "It will be a great protection to me."

Without a word the corporal took the place.

Just at that moment a shell burst directly over their heads, but did them no harm.

The officer cast a quick glance at his companion. He was not in the least flurried. He did not even quicken his pace.

Presently they reached and entered a battery which was nearest of all to the Austrian lines. It was filled with dead and wounded soldiers. Only one gun remained standing.

Calmly seating himself on a broken gun carriage, the general gave the corporal paper and quill and ink, and commanded him to write as he began to dictate a letter.

The corporal's hand did not shake. He wrote almost as rapidly as the general spoke.

Suddenly, just as the letter was finished, there was a deafening report, and a huge cannon ball passed close above them and ,buried itself with a dull thud in the earth beyond The wind caused by its passage overturned the two, and dust and dirt completely covered them.

The general picked himself up in an instant. Calmly leaping upon the ramparts the corporal waved the finished letter defiantly towards the Austrian lines.

"Thanks, my friends," he shouted, "you have saved me the trouble of blotting it."

A look of genuine admiration crept into the eyes of the general

"What is your name?" he asked, harshly.

"Corporal Junot of the Ninth Foot, general."

"Say rather 'Captain Junot,' for I cannot afford to let such fellows as you remain corporals;" and General Bonaparte—for it was he—clapped the young man on the shoulder.

Eight years later Marshal Junot was decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor Napoleon.—Frank P. Channon, in St. Nicholas.

"BOONE TREES."

In the good old days our brave pioneer ancestors wore buckskin clothes trimmed with long fringe of fur, and for weapons they carried long rifles with barrels made of imported horseshoe nails, the wooden stock trimmed with brass and ornamented with eagles, raccoons, deer and other objects cut from shells and set into the wood. They also carried long hunting knives, and buskskin or leather bullet pouches, often beautifully decorated with patterns of colored porcupine quills and glass beads, or made of some expensive fur. Their powder was carried in cowhorn powder flasks scraped smooth with pieces of broken glass, and with the surface engraved in rude designs of suns, moons, stars and figures of big game.

In the leather belt which encircled the waist and belted in the wampum they carried trusty tomahawks, and like their neighbors, the redskins, many of the picturesque old fellows were expert in the use of these little camp axes as weapons of offense and defense.

The great Daniel Boone himself carried an axe of this kind, and the trees he blazed with his tomahawk to mark the boundaries of land were so well known as "Boone trees" that in after years lawsuits were decided by the identification of the blazed boundaries as the ones made by the stroke of Boone's tomahawk.—Dan Beard, in Woman's Home Companion.

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"I am going to tell you who was the happiest child I saw to-day," said papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees

"There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day, and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The driver took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton court to water them. But one poor old ewe was too tired to go to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little boy, ragged and dirty, spring out from the crowd, fill his hat and carry it—one, two, three—eh, as many as six times, to the poor suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say 'T'ant you!' papa?" asked Jim, gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I am sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."

PUMPKATO OR TOMAKIN?

The pumpkato, or the tomakin, whichever it may be called, is the latest addition to the flora of Ohio.

Edward Womeldorff, of Gallipolis, a young farmer, late in the season set out some climbing tomato plants close to a telephone pole. Nearby were pumpkin vines. One of the tomato plants and one of the pumpkin vines intertwined and climbed the telegraph pole The joint vine prolonged itself over the wires and the current of electricity pervaded it.

Vegetables developed in the course of time, but while each retained its outward form, each borrowed the characteristics of the other. The tomato tasted like pumpkin and the pumpkin had the tomato flavor.

The introduction of the electric current from the telephone wires produced a curious result. At night the pumpkins glow with a yellow incandescence, while the tomatoes are of a passionate red shade. The illumination is soft, but penetrating. Womeldorff says this is a good feature, because the vine has plenty of light to work all night, and so grows twice as fast.

THE ELEPHANT.

He has a thick hide.
He enjoys a long memory.
He is the only animal with a trunk.
His size gives him precedence on land.
In the sea he would be rivaled by the whale.
He has five toes on each of his very big feet.
Instead of eye teeth he has ivory tusks, which cause him to be hunted
As a baby he has a tiny pair of milk tusks, which are shed like a human baby's teeth.
He is connected with the other hoofed mammals by a number of forms now extinct.
His trunk is but an elongated nose, which he uses both as an organ of smelling, feeling and feeding.
In India a baby elephant weighs 200 pounds at birth. We shall see what Texas will do with her new elephant ranch, which is to start out nobly with 100 mother elephants.—Philadelphia Record.

Muskmelons.

Since May 15 I have ordered from dealers in all parts of New York and Jersey City the old-fashioned muskmelon and succeeded in obtaining two. And the merchant who sold those thought they were cantaloupes! Nobody in the melon business seems to know what the muskmelon looks like or tastes like, and its place in the market has been taken entirely by the Rockyfords and their several cousins. One fine muskmelon is worth a dozen mealy cantaloupes. It may be nine inches long and six inches thick, resembling a small football. The meat is a rich saffron, and the flavor indescribable. Price, thirty-five to fifty cents; and well worth it. Sliced in wedges an inch thick at the back, making portions the shape of an Indian canoe, and eaten with black pepper and salt in green-corn style (biting the flesh off with the teeth and making a tooth brush of the rind)—Oh, my! Watermelon style, too, in the country!—New York Press.

CHECKS FOR PAPERING OFFICE.

More Than 8000 Used—Uniform in Color and Design.

"No, sir; I'm no tile worker; you'd better send up to one of the mosaic shops."

That's what a paperhanger said to a member of the Stoller Commission Company about three years ago when the firm made known its purpose to paper the walls of its offices with cancelled checks. The idea of using them for wall paper in fanciful designs was a whim that became a determination later on.

The third paperhanger that answered the call agreed to do the work. And he did it artistically. The checks were all of one form and were put on the walls in panels with gilt moulding around the edges. There is no check on the walls that represents less than $1000. One is made out for $30,000. The total amount of money represented in one room is more than $8,000,000. In another room that was decorated in this way is a small panel of about forty checks that represent a quarter of a million dollars.

The checks are so much alike and are matched so evenly upon the walls that the extraordinary design is not noticed upon first entering the room. The panels look as if papered with ordinary wall paper of an oblong pattern. On every check appears the signature of Frank P. Stoller, one of the firm. "I never thought," he said, "of how much money I had signed away until I had the walls papered with these checks. Some of these checks tell stories. Here's one that was given to Kirk Armour for the last bunch of cattle that he produced on his farm at Waldo, Mo., and this one for $12,000 was drawn to pay for the first shipload of cattle that we shipped to Cuba after the war."

More than 2000 checks were used in papering one of the rooms.—Kansas City Star.

WISE WORDS.

Lots more men would be good husbands if it weren't so mighty dull.

A girl learns to love swimming very early when she has a good figure.

When you see a red-headed widow it's a sign her husband isn't sorry he is dead.

When a woman isn't afraid of being rained on it's a sign it's her own complexion

A man doesn't have to mention lawyers in his will for them to get a big share of it.

The bigger hurry a man is in to get married the longer he will have to figure out why.

Any man can get a reputation for knowing more than he does if he will keep his mouth shut.

One of the queerest things about being in love is the way the idiots think they fool the people.

When a girl is too refined to help make up the beds it's a sign she doesn't think her mother is.

A man could afford to have a lot more bad habits if some of his good ones weren't just as expensive.

Girls have such finicky notions most of them would like to marry a man to match their complexions.

It may be wicked to lie to a woman about how beautiful she is, but it's mighty easy to be popular that way.

You could never make a woman believe a preacher who thought her child was a girl when it was a boy.

A married man gets lots more fun on a fishing party than other kinds because the family never wants to go along.

It isn't what you spend on a boy's college education that costs so much as what it costs you afterward to support him up to it.

Either you tell people the truth about themselves and are hated by them for a boor, or you don't, and everybody else denounces you for a hypocrite.

A nice thing about having your family away for the summer is no matter how late you come home in the morning you don't have to take your shoes off to go upstairs.

One of the inconsistencies of this world is that if you have no money you have to spend to keep up appearances; but if you have plenty you can let appearances go hang.—From "Reflections of a Bachelor," in the New York Press.

What Prosperous Newspaper Can Do.

A big, prosperous newspaper can do practically everything for a city's advancement. Weak newspapers can do nothing. The Los Angeles Times, the Kansas City Star, the Seattle Times and the Indianapolis News, as representing strong, prosperous, fighting newspapers, are entitled to more credit for the greatness of their cities than any other ten forces which go to make up cities. Newspapers that are founded on right lines and right hands should gladly be given a fair price for their advertising, should be encouraged, not discouraged.—Des Moines Capital.

Russian Students in Prussia.

By the new regulations adopted in respect of the admission of Russian students to Prussian universities not only must such students, as at present, be free from political suspicion and satisfy certain academic standards, but they will be required to furnish proof of the possession of adequate means of support.—Frankfort Gazette.

WHAT TO DO WITH BULBS.

I would advise covering the plants with ten to twelve inches of litter from the barnyard. Let this extend well over each plant. If this covering is not readily obtained, leaves can be used to advantage. Take a box a foot deep and at least two feet square. Knock the bottom out of it, and place it over the plant. Then fill in with leaves, packing them down well. When the box is full nail the bottom in place to shed rain. Bank up about the box with soil from the bed. In spring do not uncover until the danger of freezing weather is over—that is, weather cold enough to freeze the soil to the depth of the bulb.—Home Magazine.

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CRAMER'S, 505 Schoonmaker Avenue, Corner 5th Street.

Deception of Wild Birds.

Falcons—hawks, the largest species—can compress their features and look very thin if they think it necessary to do so. As to the owls, they can hump into any position they think most suitable. It is useless to look for these self preserving traits in any of the family kept in zoological collections, for the birds are so accustomed to see large numbers of people passing and repassing or standing in front of them that they treat the whole matter with perfect indifference. They know that at a certain time their food will be brought to them and that they are otherwise perfectly safe. The raptures in a wild state have a bloom on their plumage, like the bloom on a bunch of grapes, which is not so often seen when in captivity.

A Train For Tyler.

During Mr. Tyler's incumbency of the presidential office he arranged to make an excursion in some direction and sent his son Bob to arrange for a special train. It happened that the railroad superintendent was a strong Whig. As such he had no favors to bestow on the president and informed Bob that his road did not run any special trains for the president. "What!" said Bob. "Did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of President Harrison?" "Yes," said the superintendent, "and if you'll bring your father in that condition you shall have the best train on the road."

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Gems of Prose and Verse.

The very newest books, nothing like them was before printed—

Don't fail to see them before buying—Prices 21c 50c to $1.00.

McKENNEY'S

539 Schoonmaker

Need a good cathartic? A pill is best. Say a pill like DeWitt's Little Early Risers. About the most reliable on the market. Sold by R. W. Beck

---

W. A. DARRAH,

Christmas is at hand.

The happiest time of all the year.

Everyone has a smile this time of the year. To wear a pair of our Holiday Slippers will make you laugh and be merry during all the following cold winter days to come.

Start the New Year by wearing a pair of our Keith Konquerer or Selz Shoe. Always comfortable. Sure to fit. Quality and price guaranteed. Three more days to get chances on the doll. Make sure you have your tickets on Xmas. evening at 8 P. M. when the lucky number will be drawn from the box of numbered coupons.

A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all by wearing our shoes.

W. A. DARRAH,

434 Donner Avenue.

When you select your Xmas. Present

Don't forget that we are prepared to show an assortment of useful presents greater than any other store in town. We handle no toys. Spend no time on side lines, but devote our attention to keeping in touch with the latest styles and newest creations in ladies, misses and children's wearing apparel.

What would make a more substantial Christmas present for wife or daughter than one of our NEW FURS, WAISTS or COATS? We have also a fine assortment of neckwear, handkerchiefs and scarfs. Just received an excellent line of bears, white and cinnamon in color Just the thing for a Christmas present. Come to our store and look them over.

As a special inducement to holiday shoppers we are offering 25 per cent off all Skiats, Waists and Furs. All hats go at half price. Visit our store, look over our stock and be convinced that we can please you.

M. JANAVITZ,

Up on Schoonmaker Ave. Monessen, Pa.

Special Christmas Sale in our CLOAK DEPARTMENT

Coats for Ladies, Misses and Children—Matchless Values of all Kinds

Baby Coats Long ones, short ones, white coats and colors. Coats, some plain and some fancy, but handsome. **Less 25 Per Cent**

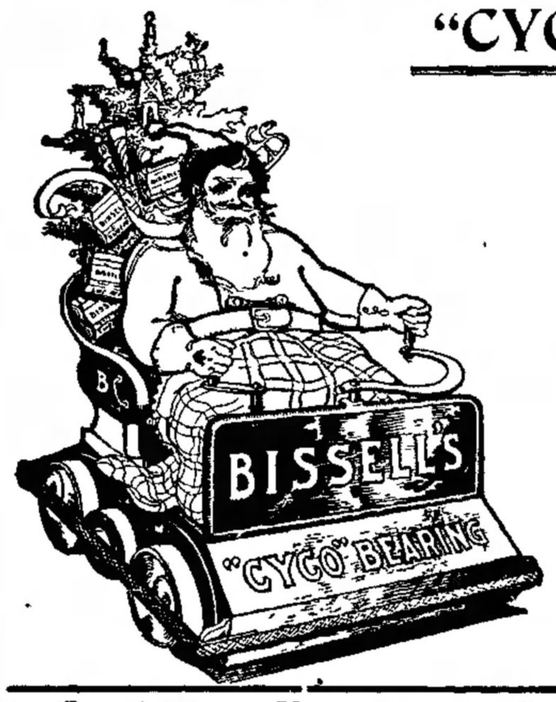
Plaid Coats Plaid Coats are all the rage this season and nothing suits a Miss better. Swell Mixed Coats at **5, 7.50** to **10** **Less 25 Per Cent**

Children's Coats There is nothing better in all the line of useful articles for Christmas giving than a pretty coat, and our line contains some extra values. All ages. Prices range at **2.50, 3.50, 4, 5, 6** to **10**. **Less 25 Per Cent**

Silk Petticoats Just received a late shipment of Black Silk Petticoats; will make very acceptable Christmas presents. These range in price from **4.00** to **15.00**. Also a complete line of Colored Silk Petticoats.

Ladies' Coats **SWELL BLACK COATS**—Long, handsome coats are the latest and in big demand. Solid black, blue, or brown. For the Christmas trade our line is very complete; some fitted backs and box backs; all handsome: select your favorite kind at **10.00, 12.00, 15.00, 18.00, 20.00** and **25.00**. **Less 25 Per Cent.**

FURS **CHRISTMAS IS FUR TIME**—If you are thinking of Furs, let us advise you to look early. We are showing a big line of Furs in the higher and lower priced goods, but from the cheapest to the highest, our goods are strictly firsts and sold as such. Believing that we can sell you Furs as low as the best city stores, we ask you to buy your Furs here. We buy direct from the manufacturers, buy them right. The line is now at its best—come today. Prices range at **1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 5.00, 8.00, 10.00, 12.00, 15.00, 20.00**, and **25.00**. **Less 25 Per Cent.**



"CYCO" BEARING CARPET SWEEPERS

"THE BISSELL"

THE WORLD'S FINEST SWEEPER.

After their use—No dust, no dirt. It means clean carpets, clean rugs, clean furniture and clean bric-a-brac.

For parlor or bed rooms. These handsome ball-bearing Sweepers run so easily, so noiselessly that one can hardly conceive that they have picked up all dust, ravelings and lints and have deposited them in a neat little box inside, confining all the dust, leaving your room sweet and clean. No broom could do better, no broom could do half so well. The drudgery is overcome and sweeping becomes more pleasant. And so we offer you today "The Bissell" as a household necessity, now so beautiful and elegant for Christmas giving.

SEE OUR DISPLAY—ALL STYLES IN STOCK

"The Superba" **Our Finest Finish** **5.00**	**"Parlor Queen"** **Figured Rosewood** **3.75**	**"American Queen"** **Figured Mahogany** **3.50**	**"Grand Rapids"** **Nickle Finish** **3.00**
"Grand Rapids" **Japanned** **2.50**	**"The Ideal"** **Curly Birch** **3.25**	**"The Elite"** **Hungarian Ash and Rosewood** **3.50**	**"The Triumph"** **Best Piano Finish** **4.50**

In Conclusion--If you are in doubt what to buy, come to this big Store. We've bought heavily on just such things as will please and suit you. In all department you'll find Christmas Goods

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25 per cent off on all Coats, Suits and Furs.

A. R. NEY CO.

Monessen's Shopping Center. MONESSEN, PA.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SUDDEN ANNIHILATION

Cramer's Entire $17,500 Stock

consisting of Clothing, Shoes and Furnishings for Men, Boys and Children has been conveyed into the hands of the Consolidated Mercantile Co. of Pittsburg, Pa. All goods must be sold in 10 days for less than cost of raw material.

For prices see our bills.

CRAMER'S, 505 Schoonmaker Avenue, Corner 5th Street.

Deception of Wild Birds.

Falcons—hawks, the largest species—can compress their features and look very thin if they think it necessary to do so. As to the owls, they can hump into any position they think most suitable. It is useless to look for these self preserving traits in any of the family kept in zoological collections, for the birds are so accustomed to see large numbers of people passing and repassing or standing in front of them that they treat the whole matter with perfect indifference. They know that at a certain time their food will be brought to them and that they are otherwise perfectly safe. The raptures in a wild state have a bloom on their plumage, like the bloom on a bunch of grapes, which is not so often seen when in captivity.

A Train For Tyler.

During Mr. Tyler's incumbency of the presidential office he arranged to make an excursion in some direction and sent his son Bob to arrange for a special train. It happened that the railroad superintendent was a strong Whig. As such he had no favors to bestow on the president and informed Bob that his road did not run any special trains for the president. "What!" said Bob. "Did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of President Harrison?" "Yes," said the superintendent, "and if you'll bring your father in that condition you shall have the best train on the road"

McKENNEY'S CORNER

Christmas Sweets

CHRISTMAS BOOKS for CHILDREN.

We have the latest and best assortment in Monessen—

Stories of travel.

Indian tales.

Animal Picture Books--funny

Youth Speakers.

Gems of Prose and Verse.

The very newest books, nothing like them was before printed—

Don't fail to see them before buying—Prices 21c 50c to $1.00.

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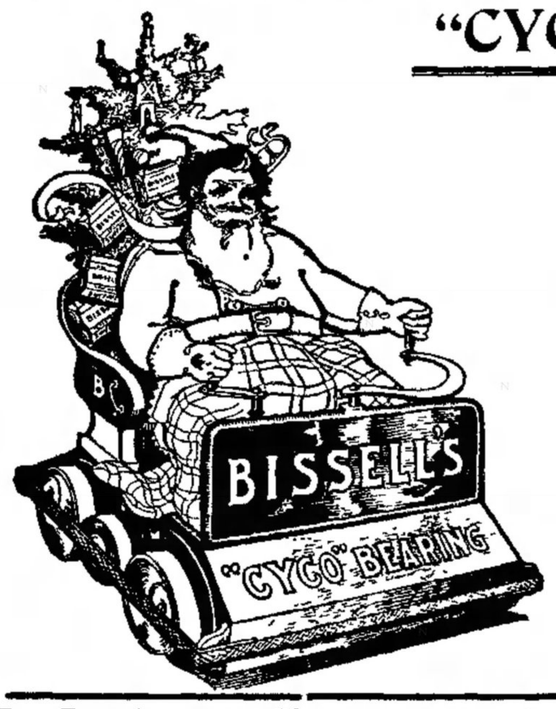

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

HOLIDAY NOVELTIES.

JUST WHAT YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS BUYING.

Childrens Greeting Cards, FREE with 10c purchase and over.

At Skelley's of course. — We show a great line of table linen by the yard or sell in great variety of styles and prices. Be sure and see our line of fancy towels. — At Skelley's of course.

Colgates Talcum Powder the 25c kind for 15 cents.

At Skelley's of course. — We sell Stork goods for the baby—Stork sheeting, Stork pants, Stork bibs, Stork pouches. — At Skelley's of Course.

Pears Soap, the 15c kind, for 12c a Cake.

At Skelley's of Course. — Christmas comforts all grades and great line of patterns. Blankets in wool and cotton. All weights and colors. — At Skelley's of Course.

Books for the little ones some will entertain the bigger ones.

At Skelley's of Course. — A box of socks will make Hubby a suitable present. We sell 6 pairs Shawnit for **$1.14**—worth **$1.50**. — At Skelley's of Course.

Everything in Holiday Goods can be found at our store.

At Skelley's of Course. — We show quite a line of furs for the little ones as well as the grown up and our prices are 1/4 off marked price. — At Skelley's of Course.

Handkerchiefs, the kind you want to give your friends.

At Skelley's of Course. — A new line of Kid and Fabric gloves for the Holidays all qualities, all sizes, all lengths — At Skelley's of Course.

Genuine Japanese Drawn Work Purses. Card Cases a big line.

At Skelley's of Course. — Our Ready to Wear department the greatest in Monessen. Will sell you any Skirt, Suit or Coat, at 1/4 off marked price. — At Skelley's of Course.

Mens Suspenders in individual boxes. 50c kind 39c. 25c kind 19c.

At Skelley's of Course. — Buy that new hat now, for our big Millinery department will sell you any hat you may select at just 1/2 marked price. — At Skelley's of Course.

Childrens Sweaters, Leggins, Caps, Bootees, Gloves, great line.

At Skelley's of Course. — We sell Purity Candy in glass jars, it's guaranteed absolutely pure, made to comply with the new pure food law. It's the **25c** kind for **15c** 2 for **25c** — At Skelley's of Course.

Dolls, yes, hundreds of them, all prices all kinds.

At Skelley's of Course. — Holiday Purses, Hand Bags, Turnover collars, ruches, cushion tops, pin cushions, fancy boxes, belts, ties and Ladies hose supporters in individual boxes. — At Skelley's of Course.

FREE--pretty folding boxes with seasons greetings to send your present in, with 25c purchase and over.

OPEN EVENINGS. **SKELLEY'S** OPEN EVENINGS.

Donner Avenue between 5th and 6th Sts., Monessen, Pa.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

NOW IS THE TIME *TO MAKE A SELECTION FOR*

HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT

THIS IS THE STORE

You will be more apt to find it in. Man or boy, we have the thing suitable for "His" Christmas Gift.

A Wise Choice.

What could be a wiser selection than one of our Suits, Rain Coats or Overcoats? Bring in an old coat to show his size, and we'll make any change you desire after Christmas.

Our Haberdashery

Our showing of Christmas Haberdashery is a grand display. Our elegant Neckwear, choice Gloves, our Shirts, Mufflers, Umbrellas, Suspenders and the many other things in Toggery a man is always wanting, are correct and the best that money can buy. We have a fine line of these luxurious goods, so highly prized by every man. Come here for His Christmas Gift and you'll find "just the thing" with a saving of

25 to 40 per cent.

Our line of Men's, Ladies' and Children's Shoes is complete. Also a full line of

Ladies' Fancy Slippers.

ABE NAYHOUSE

Pioneer Merchaut.

The Store For Large Savings.

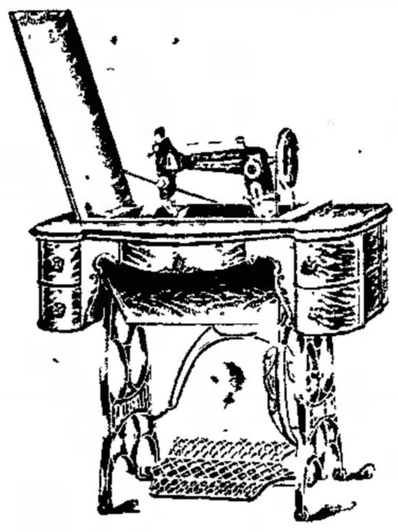
521-525 Schoonmaker Ave. Monessen, Pa.

FURNITURE AND HOUSEFURNISHINGS.

Perhaps you are thinking of refurnishing your house and if so we kindly invite you to call and look over our stock as we have the finest line of Dining and Bedroom Suits that have ever been shown in the city.

We have just received a large stock of Axminster and Body Brussells Rugs in many beautiful designs. Considering quality the prices are exceedingly low.

We also carry a complete line of Gas and Coal Ranges of all kinds and at all prices, cooking utensils and in fact housefurnishings of all kinds.



THE ELDREDGE

automatic ball-bearing. The best sewing machine in the world for the money. And just think of it, only **$25.** One-third down and suit yourself about the balance. Everyone positively guaranteed for 10 years. No matter what prices are offered. No matter what is claimed for others. Don't buy until you have seen the Eldredge.

C. S. PORE, 543 & 544 Donner Avenue,

MONESSEN, PENNA.

WE TRUST YOU.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

COME WHERE YOUR CHRISTMAS DOLLAR

will go as far as possible, and see what it will buy, see the quality---the newness---the great variety for selection and also the finest decorated store in the valley.

Umbrellas

Nothing more appropriate or useful as a gift to man or woman—in all styles—plain or fancy handles. Sterling silver or gold plated, **$1** to **$10.**

Suspenders and Garters

Suspenders in fancy gift boxes. Very sensible presents, **50c.** Combination suspender garter and arm band sets, fine box goods, **75c** to **$2.** Garters, all makes, **25c** and **50c.**

Bath Robes & House Coats

Men's bath robes in an infinate variety of patterns and fabrics, made full and long, **$4** to **$6.** Men's house coats or smoking jackets, choice selection, **$4** to **$10.**

Mufflers

A fine present for husband, brother,son or sweetheart, made in rich, heavy silks; plain black and white and fancy patterns Reefer and handkerchief shapes; also full dress mufflers, **50c** to **$3.**

Handkerchiefs

For men, in plain linen, **10c** to **50c.** Silk, all style borders, **25c** to **50c.** For ladies, in plain linen, **20c** to **50c.** For ladies and children in fancy automobile, telephone, suit case, trunk, clock and piano boxes, half doz. to box, **50c.**

Underwear

For men in natural wool, camel hair, ribbed and fleece, **50c** to **$2.** Union underwear, cotton or wool, **$1** up. Boys' underwear in natural wool and fleece, **25c** and **50c.** Boys' union underwear, **65c** and **$1.**

Knit Jackets and Sweaters

Something nice and warm for winter days,all wool,in Golf and Cordigan styles; colors black and oxford. **$1.50** to **$4.** Men's and boys' sweaters in heavy wool and Jersey, all colors, **50c** to **$4.**

Gloves

For men in all shades of kid, cape and mocha, **$1 $1.50** and **$2.** Golf gloves for men and boys, all wool and patterns, **25c** and **50c.** Boys' kid gloves,all shades, **50c** to **$1.** Boys' undressed kid gloves and mittens, **50c.**

Hosiery

Men's cotton half hose, plain black or fancy patterns, **15c** to **50c.** Men's cashmere and heavy wool half hose,all colors, **15c** to **50c.** Boys' stockings, best made, York Mills and Black Devil brands, **15c** and **25c.**

Night Robes

Night shirts, cheaper than can be made at home, in flannelette; all patterns, men's and boys', **50c** to **$1.50.** Pajamas, in all fabrics; wide assortment of new patterns, **$1** to **$2.50.**

Jewelry

Link cuff buttons, an immense variety to select from, **25c** to **$5.** Stick pins, on cards or boxed, a large assortment, **25c** to **$3.** Watch fobs. in sterling and gold plate, **25c** to **$4.**

Neckties

A stupendous array of heavy, rich Holiday silks in the best and newest patterns made up in strings, bows, puffs, ascots and four-in-hands, **25c** and **50c.**

Men's Shirts

An indescribable array of new patterns in Star Eagle,Eclipse and Peerless makes. Negligee, pleated or stiff bosom; white or colored, **50c, $1** and **$1.50.** Boys' shirts and waists, **50c.**

Caps and Toques

Men's and boys' caps in the new shapes, with turn up or fur lined turn-in bands in cloth,corduroy or plush,**25c** to **$1.50.** Toques, all wool, big selection, **25c** and **50c.**

Suit Cases and Bags

Suit cases in leather and composition leather, clamps or straps; useful presents for anyone, **$1** to **$8.** Traveling bags, all leathers, in Club English and Cabin shapes, **75c** to **$10.**

Men's Suits and Overcoats, Fit, Fabric and Fashion Warranted : : : : : : : : $5.00 to $22.00

Also complete assortment of Boys' and Children's Clothing at all prices.

"The Store Where Quality Counts."

DOWN ON DONNER AVENUE

Frantz & Boyd

CLOTHIERS & HABERDASHERS

DOWN ON DONNER AVENUE

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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